BERGSON ON ETHICS AND RELIGION

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IT is now more than two years since Bergson's long-expected treatise on ethics and religion was published.* The circles of philosophy have duly reacted to the stimulus; the competent critics have spoken; and receding from the immediate pre-occupations of our hurried age, the book is finding its permanent level in the world's deeper consciousness. The voices of authority being silent, the time may have come for the layman to speak, with a due sense of modesty and diffidence. Indeed, the selection of such a topic on the part of one who is no professional philosopher, calls for some apology. It is beside the point to plead that one has sat as a student at Bergson's feet: that is surely no excuse for rushing in where angels fear to tread. More relevant would be the defence that the theme possesses a universal appeal. We are all concerned in a matter where the spiritual fate of man is involved; and from the standpoint of simple common sense the inexpert is free to express himself, at his own peril.

From the very title of the book, we gather an idea of its central point. Religion and ethics are "double" in their origins and development; they spring, each of them, from two distinct "sources." That duality is the deeper fact, and the unity under which language hides it is an illusion. But the philosopher, who analyses each stream into its constituent parts, restores it to oneness in the metaphysical beginnings and in the ultimate ends of things.

Ethical rules and behaviour, religious beliefs and

*_Les Deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion_, Paris, Félix Alcan, 1932.

practice, are "closed" or "open." Closed morals are the systems of duties, negative or positive, which mankind has evolved from the necessities of social life. Man was from the first a gregarious animal: a major part of his being exists in his relation to others. And nature—a concept that Bergson is at pains to define, as the set of influences, favourable or unfavourable, which we meet with in the physical universe and which the philosopher, like the biologist, must for convenience' sake regard as somehow intentional—has decidedly made the individual subservient to the group. The one must act in the way best calculated to preserve the existence of the many; if need be, he must sacrifice his life to that of the clan, the tribe, or the nation. The code of injunctions and prohibitions which has thus been built up, and which has changed but little since the dawn of history, is the outcome of that constant pressure, brought to bear on each of us through the whole of life. We are free to resist the pressure or yield to it, but society and education tend to make our obedience an automatic process. The word "obligation" conveys the sense of one's being bound to act in a certain way; and the moral obligation in general, the essence of traditional morality, over the origin of which so much ingenuity has been spent, is a "biological necessity." It is the abstracted form, so to say, of the many orders which we receive from an authority no less obscure than it is imperious, because it lies embedded in the deepest layers of our consciousness. In so far as the human race has developed this system of morals, it finds itself in line with the other living species, and especially with those models of well-organized groups, the bees and the ants. The spirit of the hive is that of a perfectly regulated nation; and the line of natural development which led up to the complete submission of the individual,

is one which we should have to follow all through, if our wisdom knew no other ideal than that of coherent action towards a collective end. Self-engrossed, the human groups that answer to the hive and the ant-hill—the nations in the present era—are mutually exclusive; their spontaneous instinct is to acknowledge no moral law in their dealings with each other; and the will of nature being undoubtedly expressed in the struggle of those groups to survive, war is a direct consequence, and may well be regarded as part of that will.

But men are not bees and ants since they are endowed with intelligence. Here the influence of the *élan vital*, which runs through nature, seems to have baffled its own local and immediate aims. The intelligence did extend a thousandfold man's empire over the physical world; but it turned out to be not only a constructive tool; it was, as well, an organ for criticism and destruction. The individual, using it, could see through the blind dictates of instinct. Why should he sacrifice himself to the well-being of the species? What was the good of action, since death was inevitable? At the same time as it was reaching a more intellectual level of life, mankind was thus losing the safety of instinctive social adjustments; the human hive was threatened with anarchy. Thus it was that the deep-laid will to live, the prompting of nature, had to find a remedy for the peril it had created: the *fonction fabulatrice*, or the myth-making faculty, was set to work devising the beliefs calculated to crush the very germ of rebellion. "Static" religion was the result; a body of ideas and ritual that aimed at strengthening the authority of ethics by making it rest on an unshakeable foundation, the absolute power of one or several transcendent beings. From the grossest superstitions of the most primitive savages, from the tribal gods, to the rites

of popular Christianity, the religious instinct since the earliest times has been at work setting up a fabric of prohibitions and prescriptions which have more strongly bound the members of the tribe one to the other, and enforced, under the threat of punishment here or hereafter, the fulfilment of the duties upon which the salvation of all depends. Among those prescribed beliefs, the faith in another life was prominent; thanks to it, man could accept the certainty of death. That code does change, although slowly; but it has no elasticity in itself, no force of progress and renovation; it is definite, limited, and it inevitably tends to fossilize; its whole object is to solidify and to preserve as it is the relation of the individual with the unseen.

Meanwhile, a totally different process was taking place. From time to time, there would appear a man who felt the thrill of a strange and persuasive intimation in his heart. He was moved to new and bold courses, to a sense of connection and unity with his fellow-beings, with the whole world; and the relation which he experienced and taught was not the utilitarian solidarity of the tribe; it passed at once beyond the bounds of the useful, and knew not the limits of race, of political organization, or of language. While morals were chiefly concerned with what not to do, this new wisdom laid stress on positive duties, on faith and charity; its very essence was love. It rested not on the commands of mere tradition, on the findings of intelligence, or on the fear of superior powers; it found its certainty in itself; it was intuitive or more or less mystical. It was all irradiation, expansion; it was a call to a new spiritual life, to a wider horizon; it was motion and impulse, a forward urge, a rousing appeal. As it stirred in the deeper consciousness of man a clearer feeling of union with the divine, it was religion—

not static, but dynamic; and as it awoke at the same time an emotional premonition of brotherhood, as it exalted and purified the relation of man with man, it was morals—not closed, but open. Progress and growth is the characteristic of that ever-renewed revelation; the heroes and the seers were its leaders through the ages; the most precious heritage of human spirituality is its distinctive gift. The teachings of Socrates, of the Jewish prophets, of the mediaeval mystics, may be quoted as outstanding examples; but Bergson singles out the Founder of Christianity as the highest exponent of a soul-releasing and renovating message, of one in which there lingered least the limitations with which our flesh is beset.

We are thus faced with the fact, a familiar one, that language and tradition have incorporated together essentially different elements. Between the motives of the man who obeys the Decalogue out of a prudential or an automatic instinct, and those of the reformer who defies the terrors of the law, prompted by a higher ideal of justice, between the passive attendant at church, and the mystic rapt in his vision, there would seem to remain, as soon as we pass beyond the merest surface of things, very little in common. But the philosopher, while he stresses these differences, is aware of the long intercourse and the mutual influence which have been at work, toning them down. The relation of the individual to his fellow-beings in the group was early invested with an august dignity, because the rules which controlled it with a view to the safety of the whole were felt to be of supreme importance; and all supreme responsibilities were inevitably merged in the most awe-inspiring allegiance of all, that of man to the unseen powers. "Closed" morals were universally organized with "static" religion in a solid fabric. But at the same time, "dynamic" religion was

ever active, radiating out over the field of conduct, and giving birth, in its contact with it, to those new emotions, motives, and trends of behaviour, which result in what may be called "open" morals; while through a long process of action and reaction, the mystic life was entering, so to say, into an infinitely complex association with the practical. The intuitions of the prophets gradually wrought changes in the elementary precepts through which the collective interests of the group are defended; and the mystic's sense of the divine instilled some of its own disinterestedness into the early man's fear of the wrathful gods. As was said above, the metaphysician goes even further; he sees the correspondence as a profound truth, and the difference as partly negligible. To him, the total subjection of the bee in the unchanging constitution of the hive, the laws that ensure respect to property and life in human groups, the ritual of worship, the enthusiasm of the social apostle, and the ecstasy of the mystic, are linked up by the unity of creation, as stages in the progress of that *élan vital* whose advance may be checked on some line of development, because a local experiment hardens into a crystallized form; but the energy of which, elsewhere, still moves forward, ever tending to freer and wider realizations.

Such would be, in a much-simplified form, the main purport of the book. One need hardly add that to sum it up so drastically is to impoverish a work of this kind almost beyond recognition. Not only does the theory itself branch off into a number of arguments, each of which involves a full discussion; but a theme that lies so near the core of man's inmost pre-occupation is bound to come into contact, unceasingly, with other problems, ranging from purely philosophical ones to practical matters of conduct and policy. Again and again, the

reader is delighted with the illumination thrown into dark corners of his own being or into tangled relations of thought; again and again, he is thrilled with a feeling of sublimity, akin to the highest poetic emotion. That the style of the book should be a miracle of pellucid elegance, is no surprise; but never had Bergson's subject so naturally called for a warmth of expression, the glow of which, tempered as it is, invests many pages with unforgettable beauty. The hackneyed phrase that a book is an inspiration, could never be applied more fitly. Among the points which arise, directly or not, from the chief issue, a few may be mentioned: the destructive survey of the purely rationalist schemes of ethics, and of the intellectual view of God; admirable pages about the growth of the notion and the ideal of justice; an analysis of the process through which the earliest ideas of immortality were evolved from the gradual formation of a visual ghost so to say, a thin film of the body, the separate existence of which was naturally inferred; a fine divination of the primitive movements of the religious mind, and of the psychological roots of magic, where the philosopher finds himself on grounds which the poet Wordsworth had explored in *The Prelude*; a beautiful description of the mystical life; another, no less beautiful, of the creative activity of the artist, and especially the writer; striking formulations of the divine essence in all men, of the fact that life upon our planet has its justification in man, and of the view that our bodies extend as far as the stars which our sight can reach; the demonstration of the laws of *dichotomie* and *double frénésie*, an original variation on the theory of rhythmical progress; the prospect opened up in the last pages, of the possible effect of a new call to spiritual energy upon a human race freed from the feverish search for material pleasure. . . .

The light thus thrown over the past, the present, and the future of the spiritual drama which man lives through on his terrestrial pilgrimage, is of singular grandeur as well as of infinite suggestiveness. The new set of ideas owes not its least impressive aspect to the perfect coherence of its agreement with the other parts of Bergson's doctrine. Theories which had been sketched out or emphasized some thirty or forty years ago now assume their full significance, fall into fresh connection with each other, and reveal their bearing on the problems of life and conduct. It would take too long here to review these correspondences; but even at first sight all students of modern philosophy will perceive with a keen zest in what unsuspected manner long-cherished formulae now finally explain and justify themselves. The *évolution créatrice* is followed up to its ultimate accessible stage, "la fonction essentielle de l'univers, qui est une machine à faire des dieux;" the *élan vital* appears in its most spiritual stage, as the impulse which rouses the finite consciousness to reunion with the infinite; the imperfect co-operation and the conflict of intelligence and intuition are seen on a new plane, that of religion and ethics, where they reach a climax; the "données immédiates de la conscience" come into their own once more, since the freedom of man is again asserted, and since the study of the mind—as the last chapter points out—is to become the supreme object of science, psychology, in the wider and bolder sense, now holding the key to the mystery of our destiny. The life-long war Bergson had waged against the unfair extension of concepts borrowed from matter and space to duration and spirit, leads up to its logical and crowning conclusion: the raising of consciousness to the rank not only of an independent reality, but of a means, direct and intimate though fitful and rare, for our communication with the

divine. The last essential piece in Bergson's system of philosophy falls into place, and at once he takes his stand, actually and plainly, with the full mystics.

That consummation was perhaps not wholly unexpected by those who had watched the gradual unfolding of the philosopher's thought through a series of utterances no less rich and bold than they were lucid and guarded. No other reason is probably to be sought for the fact that *Les Deux Sources*, while being hailed as an epoch-making book, has failed to gain the immediate and entire approval of many. Few theories of so much sweep and range did meet with immediate acceptance in the past; and those which did, have not usually worn well. In the present instance, it is easy enough to understand why unqualified agreement should have been generally withheld. The theory is altogether too liberal and audacious. It satisfies neither of the two main parties at odds over the origin and value of morals and religion. The sociologists and the rationalists are bound to find it aggressively mystical; the idealists and the orthodox must resent its concessions to the sociologists, or its view that our spiritual creed is still, and ever will be, in the making. Not least disquieting to a category of readers are some of its political and social implications. But one may well wonder, whether by his frankly eclectic method Bergson has not succeeded in reaching a golden mean; not, surely, a vulgar compromise, but an original and a creative reconciliation. The synthesis here effected between the rationalistic and the idealistic interpretations of ethical and religious data, brings to some at least, with whom the present writer begs to stand, a sense of very substantial satisfaction. In so far as the thorough reading of the greatest human riddle is a conceivable hope, the general structure and ordering of Bergson's theory does approximate to that

adequate meeting of the facts, which we call the truth. On the one hand, we are reminded of Frazer, Durkheim, and Lévy-Bruhl: religion is seen as the development of tribal beliefs, as the outcome of social pressure, and the working out of psychological processes. We even seem to catch echoes from Lucretius or from Voltaire: the primal source of religion is fear. Faith in a fictitious unseen is the refuge man seeks from the cruel realities of actual life. . . . On the other hand, we are caught in the intoxicating flight of mystical thought; we soar into an ineffable world where the divine is the most immediate experience; we accept all the successive revelations; we do not draw the line exclusively at any: we are always ready for more.

Are, then, religion and ethics an illusion of self-deceiving minds? In a superficial sense they are. Are they not only a vital necessity, but a profound glimpse into the supernatural truth? They are this as well. Shall we look for an objective test of their value? We shall choose it, not from the Decalogue, the practical success of which as a code of social hygiene is above all doubt; but from the wildest venture of man's belief, the faith in immortality. Immortality in Bergson's scheme is both a self-made illusion, the rise of which we can watch and account for; and, none the less, a reasonable inference, actually possible, nay probable, since the independence of man's consciousness from his physical organism is half revealed in some well-established results of psychical research. This bold method of syncretism, this wide acceptance of apparently contradictory facts, is based, of course, upon Bergson's metaphysical doctrine; it implies that comprehensive system of thought, in which the *élan vital* expresses itself at once through the stupid superstitions of the savage, and through the illuminations

of the greatest seers. But is not the metaphysics of Bergson, our modern Plotinus, an acceptable abode for such minds as equally reverence reason and mysticism?

And after all, this new doctrine of ethics and religion owes its chief appeal to its shrewd reading of experience, modern and primitive; to the thinker's admirable intuition of actual beginnings, of the first gropings of man's reflection, of the deepest and the most permanent processes of our nature. The psychologist here is no less wonderful than the metaphysician; or rather, here as elsewhere, the metaphysician and the psychologist are one. We are compelled to believe that this book will take its place among the informing forces which shape the thought of to-morrow; that it will affect lastingly the speculation of the future, upon a subject of the most engrossing importance.

Some qualifying shades, however, must be worked into our respectful adhesion. Bergson is undoubtedly right in stressing the importance of the hero and the prophet; it is through the intuitions of superior individuals that the flame of dynamic religion and "open" morals, which ever and anon will drop and flicker, is periodically revived and kept burning. But is the common man to be altogether excluded from a measure of co-operation in that process of discovery and advance? If he is, and if he can only follow passively the lead of the path-finders, "closed" morals and "static" religion are the inescapable lot of all but a very few. When "open" motives and emotions are simply taken on trust, they lose their virtue of openness. That only is to us living and active, which is rediscovered by ourselves, or in the finding of which we co-operate, were it only to a slight degree. Some of the author's words, indeed, can be construed into some admission of that view: he points out that mysticism as

a pure essence is rare, and that we find it most often in a "diluted" state, yet efficient enough to instil its virtue through the whole mass of the human group; again, he speaks of those who from afar bow to a mystic utterance, because they hear a weak echo of it in the deepest recesses of their own selves. One more significant hint is that mysticism remains absolutely meaningless to all such as have not had some personal experience of it. However, the point might have been made more incontrovertible. In actual fact, we believe that an intuitive spark can be struck out of most consciences. No doubt, it is usually the shock of some great revelation, the voice of some guide and seer that strikes it out; but that spark is made of our own substance, and through it each of us shares, however humbly, in the creation of spiritual fire. Indeed, the privilege of ethical and religious creativeness is to be, so to say, democratized; there may be a diffused and widespread adoption of novel principles; whole groups of men, whole races and ages, have borne a part, although normally not a leading one, in the formulation and success of new moral enthusiasms. One could not imagine the Hebrew people without the prophets; but neither could one imagine the prophets without the Hebrew people. And is the personality of Jesus, upon which so much is built here as the supreme instance of original illumination, sufficiently definite, and placed clearly enough by universal admission beyond all controversy, to bear that burden of proof?

This brings us to another point. The reader is surprised to see that Bergson, whose outlook is so strikingly "open" in every way, still seems to have written from the standpoint of a Western European. The preference he evinces for Christianity among the great messages of the world, is one to which few of us will find it in our hearts

to take exception; but it would have become a philosopher of such broad sympathies to have made more definite allowance for the parochial element that may lurk in our inevitable partiality, and to have recognized more fully the purity of the best expressions of Oriental wisdom. The mystics of the West may have, as a rule, radiated a more invigorating faith than those of the East; but the difference is at most one of degree, not of kind; and the review of the outstanding inspirers and inventors of dynamic religion does seem, in that respect, a little incomplete.

Again, stress is laid repeatedly on the eagerness with which the soul turns to the "open" freedom of creative morals and dynamic faith; and the unspeakable superiority of spiritual joy over mere pleasure is extolled in the persuasive language of intimate and familiar experience. But is not a somewhat misleading impression thus produced? Can joy serve as the unfailing test of an "open" attitude of the ethical mind? Is not a certain kind of anguish a frequent, even an invariable (though perhaps only temporary) attribute of the personality that cuts itself loose from the safe moorings of tradition, in order to follow the guidance of the still small voice through the unknown? Pascal may be adduced as a case in point. He found what he had been seeking and he wrote of "joie, joie, pleurs de joie." But he wrote, as well, of those who "cherchent en gémissant." If the mystical stage, in its fulness, implies certainty and a kind of bliss, is there not, as it were, a pre-mystical stage, characterized by searchings of spirit—a stage, however, that already belongs by right to the field of *morale ouverte*?

It may be only a formal point, lastly, that in one respect at least there is a consequence of his own argument of which the author seems to be more or less un-

aware. So overpowering and vital is the distinction between the "closed" and the "open," that the difference between ethics and religion dwindles, by comparison, into insignificance. One is tempted not to ignore it, but to look upon it from another angle. There are only in fact two attitudes to life: that of the consciously or unconsciously utilitarian respecter of codes—whether these concern social relations with fellow-men, or cosmic relations with superior powers; and that of the mind which is willing to take the risks of "inspired" behaviour—whether to men or to the divine—under a sense of attraction, a magnetic appeal not to be resisted. It would not be wrong to conclude that the label "morals" should be reserved for the former, and the label "religion" for the latter. In their essential quality as such, "morals" then, would be always closed, and religion, properly so called, would be ever open. That is why one may say that the mystic "transcends" morals, and that genuine religion is always more or less mystical. But use and wont have settled it differently; and we might do worse than follow the example Bergson gives us, in not upsetting unnecessarily the notions of common sense and the habits of language. Moreover, he seems, after all, to have warned us against such an inference. Closed and open morals, he takes care to point out, are interdependent; neither could do without the other; as the element of authority and regularity is emphasized in the former, that of humanity is introduced by the latter. Again, some measure of "static" religion may be a necessary evil: there is "no religion without rites and ceremonies." Are we to conclude that the philosopher's last word is one of passiveness? Far from it: he has committed himself to a frank advocacy of bold courses; let no one rest satisfied

with the mediocre performance of the written law, who feels in himself the divine stirring of the unwritten.

It is in such audacity and candour that the greatest merit of the book lies. Here we have the pronouncement of a thinker who, looking back upon a career of devoted search after truth, once more sets the cultured classes which he addresses the most precious example, that of moral courage. One might expect that experience and years, as usual, would blunt the sharp edge of a man's early ideas, and bring him back to the wise conservatism of the elderly. Bergson occupies one of the most responsible positions in the world of French thought; success, honours, have come to him; he moves among those who are generally too well aware of the inexpediency of all opinions that favour wide-reaching change. He had till now kept within the field of speculation, away from the dangerous plane of concrete problems. For the first time he touches that level here, and handles those problems: the last chapter of his book is almost wholly given over to them. And his conclusions have the quiet, determined boldness of a serene visionary's views.

Open morals and dynamic religion are astir with a forward impulse; they look definitely to the future. The future of the human race, as Bergson sees it, is a gradual approximation to a higher spirituality. The potential divine in man will be more largely actualized by the spreading influence of mystical perceptions; life will be increasingly swayed by unselfish motives. Not that such progress be sure; the golden age remains a dream; some features of a glorified humanity will probably never be attained. The fate of man is in his own hands: he may not rise to his opportunity; he may choose the downward path. Still, the book is instinct with a guarded optimism. The odds are that a new period of spiritual advance is at

hand. After two centuries of frantic development on material lines, our race, some symptoms would suggest, is reaching the point of saturation and satiety. A return to a more simple life is not only possible, but in the long run likely. The law of psychological rhythm or *double frénésie* here finds a comforting application. Such an era would witness the toning down of the flaunting luxury which has engrossed the minds of so many and is largely responsible for the more deadly forms of competition; it would see the diffusion of a more unified mode of living, in which greater store was set by the inward values. This is no sage's Utopia and reactionary whim. All commodities may become more accessible to the many, and still the tenor of daily existence grow more simple. What counts most is the spirit in which the means of material satisfaction are desired and sought. But when all is said, the civilization of the future may actually leave our present path of headlong subservience to mechanism. The man of to-morrow may actually discard his automobile or his plane to enjoy the soothing pleasure of a walk. He may even not wish for a car, unless he needs one.

Theoretical equality answers to a natural fact: what is virtually divine in man is a possibility common to all; the only superior man is the hero, the mystic; and he has no thought of his superiority, because he does not think of himself. The historical privilege of some human groups in the social order is an illusion, even when, as is generally the case, accepted by those who are regarded as inferior. The idea of justice, once let loose, must sweep away all unfounded inequalities. We seem to hear echoes of Ruskin in the powerful criticism of the inordinate lust for profit that has characterized the mechanical age. The efficient working of democracy demands that certain

moral conditions be previously realized; and that is why in the long run moral progress must lead to democracy. All the social consequences of the democratic ideal are clearly adumbrated in Bergson's view of what man's future shall be, if he does not, through a weakness of his own will, himself check the vital impulse that urges him on to higher levels of being.

Another consequence of that vital impulse is the universal fraternity of man. Here the political thought of Bergson is even more deeply implied in his metaphysics. The very characteristic of open morals and dynamic religion is their readiness to expand; and such an expansion is that of a relation—of the individual with other men or with the cosmos—which must no longer acknowledge limits. The *élan vital*, the Jet of Life, is an irresistible unifier of mankind, as of the world in God. Closed morals are those of the group, conceived for it, adapted to its needs, refusing to own any obligations outside of it. Nature, setting in us the root of small authoritarian organizations, made at first the existence of mutually exclusive states a necessity. The nations of to-day are still largely the heirs of the primitive clans. In that sense war is a natural fact; not only has it been accepted: it has been idealized; and static religion, like closed ethics, has gloried in the display of cunning, treachery, and cruelty to the common enemy. But a better nature, no less, and indeed more, natural, is raising man above his instinctive self. The breath of brotherhood has come into the world from the seers and the mystics; and open morals are fatally at odds with our tribal prejudices. Henceforward, a taint of narrowness and selfishness clings to all national ideals. Although decidedly outspoken in his condemnation of nationalism, Bergson does not put patriotism under the same ban: the latter feeling is a rich

growth of the modern conscience, in which many elements are pure and unselfish. But if the saving essence of patriotism is disinterested self-sacrifice, the object for which the sacrifice is made can be improved upon. The commonwealth of man is an altogether higher ideal. Contrary to the well-known fallacy, it is futile to hope that patriotism may broaden out into a feeling of love for the larger fatherland, that of mankind: the latter is a totally different, an irreconcilable revelation. Patriotism must be transcended by the broader allegiance which was from the first the spirit of Christianity. The common sense of man may succeed in putting an end to wars; the biological history of our species lends support to that hope, and the metaphysical interpretation of our destiny sets it in the fullest light. Although capitalism, large-scale industry, closed morals, and war, make up a powerful and coherent system in our modern world, we are witnessing the incipient break-up of that system. A League of Nations must live if man is not to die.

These offshoots from the central theory, although necessary and essential, are not, after all, its very core of significance. The fecundity and the generosity of the doctrine are most substantially stored in the original distinction which is at the heart of everything. Those simple words: "closed" and "open" religion and morals, voice an intuition which will remain Bergson's most genuine claim to a place among the great ethical seers. Let only the distinction be fairly accepted, and all will follow. It brings relief to the deepest anxiety of the modern mind. The problem of growing duality, of an increasingly painful contrast, between the loyalty to fixed rules and the irrepressible need of ever-new moral adjustments, was threatening the fabric of intellectual civilization. The prophet who has broken down the privilege

of perennial codes, and opened to us the unbounded prospect of an ever finer approximation to justice and the divine, has given back the breath of sincerity to souls that were choking. A spring has thawed the congealed stream of our crystallized spiritual life. Above the notion of hard and fast laws is raised the ideal of a creative intuitiveness. The spirit need no longer be killed by the rule and the letter, since the rule itself has been fused with the very substance of life, which is the concrete experience of duration—of change in identity.

PEACE AND THE DICTATORS

CHRISTOPHER C. ROBINSON

I

A Canadian who surveys the course of the year 1934 in Europe and the position towards its close is struck most forcibly, I think, by this—that during that year Continental Europe has become, upon any acceptable definition of civilization, less civilized. The fact is the more striking to him because Europe has hitherto claimed to be the leader of Western civilization. In particular she has claimed, with a murmur of apology for the Balkans and for the temporary lapse of the Great War, to be more civilized than the newer countries of North America; and, with some reservations as to technical progress and the conduct of international affairs, these newer countries have been disposed to concede her claim.

So striking, indeed, is this reversion to what seems to us barbarism, that there is some risk of over-estimating its danger—of assuming that Europe is bound to destroy herself, and even of thinking that, since she is apparently becoming nothing but a parade-ground for jostling dictators, it does not very much matter if she does. We are inclined to say to ourselves that we must at all events keep clear of it, and must try to maintain and develop in our own country the ideals of civilized government that we value.

This inclination to write Europe off in despairing disgust is induced by the spreading power of the dictatorships, and especially by the arrival and behaviour of the Third Reich. We see these governments breaking the mainspring of civilization by enslaving the minds

and wills of their subjects. Then we see them ostentatiously herding these minds and wills into the swaggering intolerance of militarist nationalism. And we ask ourselves what must be the effect upon international relations, and upon the prospect of peace in Europe.

Most of us, however much we might disagree about a formal definition, would probably agree upon certain elements in our conception of civilization. We should agree, for example, that the widest possible scope to its individual citizens for free and diversified self-development ought to be one of the essential objects which a civilized state pursues, and that the less a state finds it necessary to restrict this individual freedom in order to maintain itself, the more civilized it is. The more regimentation of its citizens, the more effort to breed them to type or run them into one mould, the less civilization. The qualities produced in an army, admirable though they may be, are not those which the word "civilized" first brings to our minds. Athens, we feel, with all her faults and her weaknesses, was a more civilized state than Sparta. With this idea of free development in mind, we regard intolerance as a sign of backward civilization. We say that the Inquisition belonged to an order of ideas which the civilized world has outgrown; and we believe not only that an advance was made when people came to think that wisdom, both speculative and practical, can be better reached by discussion than by imposition from above, but that the very process of so reaching it has itself a civilizing effect. And therefore we think that a state should be counted civilized in proportion as it has succeeded in substituting persuasion and consent for terror and force as the basis of its domestic government.

All this seems commonplace enough. But the more

commonplace it seems the less commonplace becomes the fact that in almost the whole of Europe east of the Rhine and south of the Baltic these elements of civilization are not to be found to-day. The governments, whether they call themselves "authoritarian" or "totalitarian" or "corporative," or do not trouble to disguise themselves under any high-sounding name at all, are simply despotisms, and their basis is terror and force. The governed have no part in them but to accept what they are given, renounce what they are deprived of, and do what they are told. They are not treated like self-respecting reasonable adults, but like children—and not even like modern children.

There is no more toleration. "We National Socialists," says Dr. Göbbels, "are so sure we are right that we cannot tolerate anyone else thinking that he is right too." One quotes the Nazis on these points only because Herr Hitler and his lieutenants have recently been more conspicuous and more voluble than Marshal Pilsudski and the late King Alexander. Signor Mussolini and his Fascists, though they may put it less crudely and less frequently, mean exactly the same thing. All of them, however they express it, or without bothering much about putting it into words at all, act upon the same principle that they alone are right, with a consistency which varies only with their power to hold down those of their subjects who think they are wrong.

With the disappearance of toleration, public discussion and argument have inevitably disappeared too. Opposition is suppressed or "co-ordinated," and the party or the dictatorship identifies itself with the state. Whatever dog-fights may go on within it, the opinion or the policy which it proclaims to the people becomes,

ipso facto, the only orthodox one. Assent to it is not obtained by persuasion or reached by reasoning. It is a dogma, imposed from above. *Sit pro ratione voluntas.* For ordinary citizens to think for themselves is unpatriotic. Theirs not to reason why. Theirs but to do—or, if they persist in asserting that someone has blundered, die.

To stamp upon the nation the uniform pattern of this orthodoxy is the first care of the state. The minds of children are appropriated from their earliest years, not only in the schools, but in their songs, in their storybooks, and in the various "leisure" organizations from one to another of which, as along the belt of a mass-production factory, they are passed as they grow up. The Nazi minister of education thus addressed over five thousand members of the National Socialist Schoolteachers' Federation, of which he is the president:

> O Hitler, Leader of the German Nation, O Hindenburg, symbol of the old Germany and of the Great War, O Germany, Hindenburg and Hitler, ask of us what you will. We, the masters of the schools of Germany, obedient to Destiny, will take Germany in our arms, and we will make of the youth of Germany what it ought to be. We will follow you blindly, wherever you lead us.

And so through the universities into the labour camps, the Party forces, the Labour Fronts, the Patriotic Fronts, and the like.

For the adult there are the press, the radio, the theatres, the movies, the mass-meetings, all joining in a "dull uniformity of soulless praise." Even the arts must be co-ordinated.

> So long [says the *Völkischer Beobachter*] as there remains in Germany any unpolitical, neutral, liberal, or individualistic art, our task is not accomplished. There must no longer be

> a single artist who creates otherwise than nationally and with a national purpose. Every artist who withdraws from this pre-occupation must be hunted as an enemy of the nation until he gives up his intolerable resistance.

Everything must contribute to this intellectual conscription, by possessing each mind with one side only of every question and preventing it from thinking for itself lest it come to a wrong conclusion. "Propaganda is not a science," says Herr Hitler. "The appeal must be directed to the emotions, and only to a very limited extent to the so-called intelligence."

By such means, reinforced by all the apparatus of spies, informers, secret police, concentration camps, and special (if any) tribunals, the greater part of Europe is being turned into a prison of the mind, part boarding school, part barracks. Dr. Ley, the leader of the German Labour Front, a compulsory organization of employers and employees, describes it as a "grandiose all-embracing system of schooling," and says that its "true object is the education of all working Germans in the spirit of the National Socialist state." Signor Mussolini says that Italy must become a "militarist nation," and he defines a militarist nation as one that "subordinates to the military necessities everything else in the material and moral life of the individual as well as of the community." He has recently passed a law (or, rather, he has decreed a decree) to ensure this subordination by making every Italian feel himself from childhood part of the military organization of the country, and welcome his military service as the culmination of his youthful training. It is no question of mere drilling and physical training. At six years old he is to become a "Son of the She-wolf;" and from the moment when he is "capable of learning" he must be given the "moral and spiritual preparation"

which will make him "passionately interested" in military life. "Any separation between military and civil life is now abolished," says the *Corriere della Sera;* and *La Stampa* adds, apparently with pride, that "to find anything like this one must go back to Sparta." Poland is putting into force a scheme, logically deduced from the probable nature of the next war, for the military mobilization of women as well as men.

The dictators do not justify this mental and emotional regimentation on the ground of any temporary emergency. They present it as admirable and desirable in itself.

> Propaganda [said Dr. Göbbels at Nuremberg last September] is an essential feature of the modern state. No country has brought the art of dominating the masses to such a height of virtuosity as Germany. The attempts to imitate us made in other countries are merely those of beginners .... The mass suggestion attained by propaganda and popular education creates a close union between the leaders of the state and the people. The result of this synthesis of authority and of the masses is this type of modern democracy, Germany, which stands forth to the world as the model for the conception of the twentieth-century state.

"We are not, and we do not want to be the land of Goethe and Einstein—not on any account," says the *Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger.* The new professor of political pedagogy in the University of Berlin announces that the object of academic training in the Third Reich is "to substitute the soldier type for the type of the educated man." Such statements could be multiplied indefinitely, and from them it is no long step to the proclamation of the German university students: "We spit on freedom." Indeed, this proclamation differs more in expression than in spirit from these words of Alfredo Rocco, one of the leading Fascist theorists and the creator of much of the Fascist legislation:

> The expressive formula of Kant, "Man is the end, and cannot be debased to the value of a means," is inverted. The individual can never be regarded as the end of society; he is only its means. In order to realize its proper ends, society should use as means the individuals who compose it. Fascism conceives the individual as the organ, or, rather, as the instrument of the social purpose—an instrument which is used in so far as it serves the purpose and is discarded when it is no longer serviceable.

Consider, finally, this passage from *Es Werde Deutschland*, a book which has been widely welcomed in Germany as an admirable statement of National Socialist doctrine. The writer is no obscure party hack. He is Herr Friedrich Sieburg, Paris correspondent of that once-great newspaper, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the highly intelligent author of *Is God a Frenchman?*:

> The political spirit is taking possession of the whole people. The state is becoming total in that it is embracing all those private spheres in which human existence had hitherto detached itself from the state and allowed itself a certain degree of neutrality. . . . There are to be no more private Germans; each is to attain significance only by his service to the state and to find complete self-fulfilment in this service. Thus, to express it in more emphatic terms, there are to be no more mere human beings in Germany, but only Germans.

We cannot even be sure that this type of government has reached its territorial limits. On the contrary, if no prominent existing despotism collapses or suffers conspicuous reverses at home, it seems quite possible that the totalitarian tide will continue to rise in Europe, and that we shall see other countries adopting similar methods, either in self-defence or under pressure of economic difficulties.

We should ourselves, of course, suffer incalculable

material injury from the ruin even of a totalitarian Europe. But apart altogether from that, we ought not hastily to conclude, on the ground that a totalitarian barbarism is not worth preserving, that it does not matter what states so governed do to each other. For we need not apprehend that this kind of government will be permanent. It has so far shown no notable ability to solve its economic problems, or to give its subjects any increase of well-being or security in return for the liberties of which it has deprived them; and Signor Mussolini suggests the bleak prospect of a "period of humanity based upon a lower scale of living" and demanding "unimaginable asceticism and heroism." Just as it is itself a reaction, so, we may suppose, it will generate its own reaction, and dictators are neither immortal nor readily replaceable. If so, it is worth while to ask whether their temporary appearance has really made it inevitable that they should destroy themselves, and most of what is still civilized with them, by another European war. Nor does it seem inconsistent with the strictest realism to entertain some doubt about the answer.

II

Let us first clear our minds of the idea that the sympathies and repulsions, as distinct from the fears, which these governments have aroused outside their own boundaries, have had any fundamental effect upon the relations between the European Powers. Some effect, no doubt, they have had. The relations between England and Germany and between England and France have certainly been influenced by England's deep repulsion from the domestic performances of the Nazis and her sympathy with French democracy. It is probable, too, that Marshal Pilsudski's dislike of democracy

and his sympathy with the "principle of leadership" have had something to do with Poland's growing indifference to France and her approach to Germany. But these spiritual affinities and oppositions are not the determining influence in international relations, nor do they seem likely in any near future to become so. Just as after the war of 1870 other considerations defeated Bismarck's efforts to keep Republican France "ineligible" as an ally for any self-respecting monarchy, and brought the democracies of England and France into the same camp with Czarist Russia; so now, after a war to make the world safe for democracy, we see France cultivating the dictatorships of Russia and Italy, and anxious to preserve, if she can, her alliances with those of Poland and Yugoslavia. We also see England and France making common cause with Italy about Austria, Italy not only at loggerheads with Yugoslavia but moving away from Germany and towards France, and democratic Czechoslovakia linked with Yugoslavia in the Little Entente.

The issue between freedom and totalitarianism may well seem to us the most momentous and the most urgent in Europe to-day—far more momentous and urgent, certainly, than any territorial questions. But there is no sign as yet of a division between the European countries on the basis of this issue. If there were, the outlook would be more dangerous for peace; for, as Alain says, "les intérêts transigent toujours, les passions ne transigent jamais."

The fundamental basis of division in Europe, though it is dressed up in phrases about "freedom," "enslavement," and "national honour," is not spiritual, but material. It is between the "haves" and the "have-nots," the possessors and the dispossessed, between the countries that want to maintain the frontiers established

by the Peace Treaties and those that want to change them. This grouping has persisted and seems likely to persist undisturbed by the rise of the dictatorships. Russia, though she suffered by the Treaties and for some years inclined to the second group, must now, for reasons which need not be stated here, be definitely classed with the first. Fluctuating between the two groups are Italy and Poland, who profited by the Treaties, but not as much as they had hoped, and are now torn between their anxiety to keep what they got and their ambition to get more. But their fluctuations, again, are determined not by their adherence to any particular form of domestic *régime*, but by whether their anxiety or their ambition is for the moment uppermost. Italy seems at present to be inclining to the first group, to which, moreover, she is to some extent tied by the Locarno Treaties. Poland appears to be manoeuvring towards the second. England, as regards her European interests, belongs to neither group, though she, too, has ties with the first group under the Locarno Treaties. She is thus in a position of enormous potential influence; but since she declines to commit herself further, her actual influence is relatively small.

That, broadly, is the real position. It was not the dictators who created it; and sooner or later, unless it was eased, the dispossessed were bound to challenge it by force. It might have been eased by peaceable adjustments of some of the frontiers, and by making the whole network of frontiers economically less stifling by lowering tariffs, and strategically less important by a reliable system of collective security. It was not thus eased. No frontiers were adjusted. The economic depression combined with the fear of war to raise existing trade barriers and produce new ones. Japan's successful

aggression made it clear that there was no reliable system of collective security; and the Disarmament Conference, doomed to failure by Japan's success, broke down. These are the deeper causes of the present tension, and for them the dictators were certainly no more responsible than the democratic Powers.

III

The real case against the dictators rests on other grounds; for they are, as such, endangering the prospects of peace in Europe, and not less gravely because less directly. Few people, knowing what is now known about international relations in Europe before the War, would maintain that there has been no improvement since 1920. Wonder as we may that the nations have learnt so little from the War, yet they have learnt something. Public opinion, and even the opinion of statesmen, about war, armaments, and the game of power politics, has changed and is changing.

Now here, I think, is the profoundest harm that the dictators are doing to the cause of peace. For this change of opinion, if it is to affect practice, must permeate all countries, or at least all the Great Powers. A single Power, even if it changes its own mind, cannot by itself give much practical effect to the change. It is by no means clear that among nations it takes two to make a quarrel, but it is quite clear that, as things are, it takes two to ensure peace. And whatever the dictators themselves really think about war, they are doing their best, by their propaganda and their censorship, to block and repress the movement and development of this changing public opinion in their own countries. In other countries they are arousing fears which, whether justified or not, strengthen the forces that are resisting the change, and

make those whose own minds are changing wonder whether after all they are right.

Moreover, though the dictators cannot be held primarily responsible for the decline in the authority of the League of Nations, their need for, and assertion of, individual prestige disinclines them to share in any collective effort or submit to any collective restraints. The working of the League has too strong a flavour of democracy for their tastes. We see this in Italy's demand for a reform of the League in the direction of less equality among its members and her efforts to play a lone hand in maintaining the independence of Austria, and in Poland's attitude to the Minorities Treaties. For the same reason, as well as because they are not constitutionally responsible to any domestic electorate, the dictators are accentuating the tendency to return to what is called the "old diplomacy."

Not only do they thus hinder any relaxation of the general anxiety and tension, but in two ways, besides their busy militarism, they intensify them. They encourage by every means the growth of their populations, thus raising continually, especially in Italy and Germany, the pressure on the domestic means of subsistence; and at the same time they tell these populations that they are "nations without space," whose natural right to expand is throttled down by the Peace Treaties and the jealousies of their neighbours. There are many features in the policies of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini that are hard to reconcile with their pacific professions, but this seems the hardest of them all. Secondly, the very nature of their domestic government makes them doubly oppressive to the minorities under their rule, and everyone knows the effect of the various minority questions on the general tension in Europe.

Now the greater the tension, the greater the risk of "incidents," and the greater their danger when they happen. Even if we give the dictators credit for a control over their subjects which minimizes both the risk and the danger, there is one type of "incident" which is largely beyond their control, and the risk of which is increased by their methods. That is political assassination. So long as governments make it clear that they can be unseated only by violence and that violence is their answer to opposition, and so long as minorities are oppressed, so long will assassination be an almost normal method of political controversy. And if it happens on foreign soil, if it is, or can be said to have been, planned or encouraged abroad, or stimulated by foreign protests on behalf of some oppressed minority, it becomes at once an "international incident," embittering international relations and endangering peace. Half Europe muttered "Sarajevo" when King Alexander was shot at Marseilles. The parallel, happily, was inexact; but it may be closer next time.

For all this (with some reservations in favour of Stalin) we can fairly blame the dictators as a group. And now the rise of the Nazis, their overbearing ruthlessness at home, their drilling and arming, their truculent pan-German programme, and their conduct in Austria and the Saar, have made suddenly acute the chronic fear of the challenge of the dispossessed. If you add to this fear a general increase in military budgets, the manoeuvres of Poland and the bombast of Mussolini, you get the impression that the political landscape of Europe is filled with dictators on the pounce.

IV

Yet, upon reflection, the most rabid democrat would hesitate to assert that every dictator is spoiling for a fight and won't be happy till he gets one. It seems scarcely consistent to think that the dictators are consolidating their power by every political crime, and at the same time that their dominant purpose is to risk that power by gratuitous political folly. I shall suggest later some grounds for thinking, in spite of their flamboyant words, that they really regard war, as an instrument of national policy, with no more favour, perhaps even with less, than do other governments. Whether any of them wants any particular war, in the sense in which this might have been truly said of Conrad von Hötzendorf, for example, or of Isvolsky, or is aiming at what he cannot get without war, is a different question; and to deal adequately with it would require an examination, for which there is no space here, of the foreign policy of each individual dictator.

We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that among the dictatorships there are "haves" as well as "have-nots;" though it happens that the most prominent of the "have-nots" is also the most recent, the most rampant, and the most raucous of the dictatorships. It should also be observed that in the matter of actual armaments everyone is doing much the same thing. Generally speaking, the military expenditure of the dictatorships—even of Germany, which has a lot of ground to make up—is not larger in proportion to their total budgets or their populations than that of the rest of Continental Europe; and if the rest of Europe says that it is arming because of the dictators, the dictators say that they are arming because of the rest of Europe. At any rate, the armaments of the dictators are plainly directed

against each other as well as against non-dictatorial Europe, since, in fact, it is the possessors and the dispossessed, both of which include some dictators, that are arming against each other. The dictators, too, are no less vehement than the others in protesting that their armaments are purely defensive, and that all they want is to be let alone to pursue their dictatorial experiments in peace. It would seem, on the face of it, that we should estimate the value of their protestations upon the same principles as we should apply to those of any other government.

Apart, then, from special reasons for suspicion about the foreign policy of any particular dictator, the anxiety which the dictators have aroused is due less to what they are actually doing than to their way of doing it and to what they are saying. Why, instead of just arming quietly like everyone else, are they making such a fuss about it? Why are they preaching that war ennobles a people, that "the fundamental virtues of man are revealed to the full light of the sun only in bloodstained struggles," and that it is unworthy of a true Nordic (or heir of Imperial Rome, or whatever it may be) to die in his bed? Why, in short, besides the necessary training and equipment of their subjects' bodies, are they so busily militarizing their subjects' minds?

May not the true answer be that, having appropriated these minds as the surest way to "co-ordinate" them, they must fill them with something and have nothing else to fill them with? Self-surrender, obedience, discipline, organization—these will not do as ends in themselves. Co-ordination may satisfy the co-ordinator, but it will not, by itself, permanently satisfy the co-ordinated.

The individualist programmes were less pressed with

this difficulty. We give you freedom, they said, and it is for you to make what you can of it and of yourselves. The religions, perhaps wisely, postponed to the next world the results of the faith and effort they demanded. But these new religions—for they are taught as such—are of this world, and they cannot hold their followers with a programme of "jam yesterday [in the days of the Niebelungs or of the Roman Empire] and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day;" at any rate unless they can show how the sacrifices they impose are bringing to-morrow nearer. The individual who is told that he is only a means, and that he counts for nothing except as a member of the state, inevitably asks: A means to what? What does the state stand for, and what will it give me in exchange for my soul? To these questions the dictators give no real answer, even those of them who feel it necessary to try. Their programmes are a shifting opportunism, their doctrines an intellectual confusion, their philosophies a spiritual emptiness.

An inflated nationalism is the very thing to fill this void. Germany's honour, Italy's prestige, Poland as a Great Power—here are conceptions which, however empty in themselves, have so satisfying a content of convention, tradition, and association that they are readily accepted as worthy objects of communal effort and individual sacrifice. The uniforms, the drilling and parades and field-days, the military organization and discipline, are useful in providing occupation, distraction from dangerous discontents, and sometimes pay. But their great value to the dictator is that they are symbols of satisfying ideals, and thus induce, especially in the young, a sense of solidarity, common purpose, and loyalty to the Leader, which admirably serve his domestic needs. The truth may be that co-ordination is the purpose of mili-

tarism rather than militarism of co-ordination, and that Hitler shouts "Deutschland über alles" and Mussolini "Viva l'Italia" only because they cannot frankly shout "Hitler über alles" or "Viva Mussolini."

Nor must we forget the economic attractions of military preparations in a time of economic depression. All the dictatorships (except Yugoslavia's) are, at bottom, products of economic difficulties, and economic difficulties, particularly unemployment, are their constant pre-occupations. Somehow they must produce, or give an appearance of, the prosperity they promised. Hence their lavish expenditure on public works, subsidies, and other stimulants to business and employment. Now "national defence" offers an almost ideal type of public work, which arouses no jealousies in private enterprise and with suitable propaganda appears self-justifying. The defence justifies the expenditure and consequent employment, and the employment justifies the defence. Armaments are an important feeder for heavy industry, and, what is more, provide exports that can penetrate tariffs, quotas, and exchange restrictions, and are paid for even by countries which seem unable to pay for anything else. We have only to look at the German statistics to see the effect on the textile and leather industries of the demand for uniforms, flags, belts, and boots, and on the heavy industries of other requirements of a modern mechanized army.

These are not the only considerations which suggest that the exaggerated militarism of the dictators may be really an instrument of their domestic, rather than of their foreign, policy. Every dictator knows that his *régime* could not survive an unsuccessful war, and would be most unlikely to survive a successful one, unless it were short. He knows that a general war could hardly

be short, and that at the end of it there would be no noticeable difference between victors and vanquished. It would leave little worth having for anyone, and even if his *régime* survived the war, it could hardly survive the social upheavals and economic collapse that would follow. But where is he to look, in Europe to-day, for a local war that could be counted on to stay local?

A dear old German lady, hard hit by the Great War, once said to me, rather wistfully: "Now 1870—*that* was a nice little war." Well, grant that your dictator is anxious (to borrow Mussolini's phrases) to "bring all human energies to their highest tension," and to "stamp the mark of nobility upon his people." None the less is he anxious, above all things, not to place his own *régime* "face to face with itself in the alternative of death." What he wants, therefore, is a "nice little war." So did Austria in 1914.

Even if he found one, could his already creaking financial and economic structure stand the strain? This is a point to which those who write (otherwise quite truly) about the arming of the dictators pay too little attention. War—even a nice little war—is a business of immediate expenditure and deferred returns, and we know a good deal more now than we used to about "making the enemy pay." President Masaryk is reported to have said recently: "There will be no war because there is no money." An examination of the present economic position and resources of the dictatorships shows that this dictum applies with special force to them.

These deterrents are not counterbalanced, in the mind of a modern dictator, by any such motives as might urge to war a commander-in-chief or a chief of the general staff. No war could make the dictator more absolute than he is now in time of peace. On the contrary, war

would make him less absolute. For not one of the dictators, except Pilsudski, who is sixty-seven years old, is competent to command his forces in the field. While the war lasted he would have to hand over a good deal of his power—and most of what glory there was—to the experts. His own job would be to raise the money, keep things quiet on the home front, and make speeches to the troops behind the lines. Enjoying now the reality of power, he would see little to attract him in the war-time experiences of Germany's All-Highest War Lord. And would he feel sure of getting back, quite intact, all the power and glory he had handed over? The experts, if unsuccessful, would have damaged them fatally. But even when victory had crowned their arms, and the boys came home to a land which they expected the dictator, harassed by deficits, to make fit for heroes to live in, a victorious commander, acclaimed by his army and by the people, might prove none too easy to co-ordinate.

It can hardly have escaped the notice of the dictators that only a negligible number of all the governments which declared war between 1914 and 1918 also declared peace. They will have observed, too, what happened to the more autocratic of those governments. These are, for a dictator, particularly solemn thoughts. For when a democratic leader and his party lose office they remain in politics, with every prospect of returning to power in due time. But when a dictator falls, he falls for good, and he and his lieutenants are lucky if they escape with whole skins.

It would be foolish to deny that, upon any interpretation of their motives, what the dictators are doing is extremely dangerous. But they have given us, so far, no reason to think that they cannot control the passions

they are thus deliberately arousing. Despite what Herr Hitler had said as an irresponsible agitator or as an obscure theorist writing *Mein Kampf*, yet when, as dictator of the Third Reich, he looked again at war with Poland, he decided that it could wait; and he has been able to enforce his decision. His ten-year truce of last January was made, and is being observed, in the teeth of fourteen years of virulent anti-Polish propaganda to which he and his party had contributed their full share. He had a still closer view of war—this time with Italy—when Dollfuss was murdered on July 25. He did not like the look of it; and neither the pan-Germans nor the "Austrian legion" burst over the frontier. Nor did the heirs of Imperial Rome or the hotheads of Yugoslavia. Herr Hitler is now taking drastic steps to avoid being rushed into trouble by his own Saar propaganda. There is no evidence that any of the dictators will be forced by his people to fight before he wants to, and it seems quite clear that none of them wants to just yet.

V

We may reasonably conclude, then, that the dictators are not quite so dangerous as they look, and that at all events it will be some time before their bite can become as bad as their bark. If so, Europe, in spite of them, can fairly expect ("incidents" apart) a few more years of peace. Whether she can expect more than a few depends upon how she uses those few. She may arm and preach nationalism, in imitation of the dictators. That seems to be her present plan. It will mean war in the end, and in the meantime a peace hardly worth keeping. Or she may set herself resolutely to strengthen the collective organization of peace and the sanctions behind it, so that any romantic barbarian who thinks of "revealing the

fundamental virtues of man to the full light of the sun" will think again. She may set herself, that is to say, to rebuild the League and to strengthen the Covenant.

Canada and the other self-governing Dominions have an immense interest in the peace of Europe. As members of the League and parties to the Covenant they have, at Geneva, a direct responsibility and some direct influence. But, what is more important, they are members of the British Empire; and when we understand how Europe is aligned, we can hardly doubt that England, speaking for the Empire, could, if she would, largely determine Europe's course. If, therefore, the Dominions took a firm and united stand, not at Geneva but in London, they could exert a powerful, perhaps a decisive influence in maintaining peace.

Geneva, December 5, 1934.

DINOSAURS IN THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

W. A. Parks

I

THE beauty of lake and forest, the majesty of mountains, the serenity of palm-bedecked tropical islands are alike due to differences in the geological structure of the respective regions. This fact is apparent to all observers, but many fail to appreciate the changes that are constantly occurring—the filling of the lakes with sediment, the wearing-away of the mountains, or the encroachment of the seas on the tropical strands. The scenes of to-day are evanescent but the elements of those scenes were born in the past, and at definite, ascertainable times in the past. In viewing a landscape, therefore, a geologist pays due regard to the component structures but he further regards those structures as concrete evidence of past events. His time sense is ever to the fore; he is an historian and his documents are the rocks of the earth's crust.

The earth is very old, how old we do not know, but two billion years ago it was old enough to have a rocky surface and cool enough to permit water to remain on the surface. Land and water had appeared and geological history in the narrower sense had begun. Ever since this early beginning the lands have been the prey of the elements and the waters have been the depositories of the debris produced by the decay of the lands. So long is geological time that but a small fraction of it would suffice to carry all land into the sea and to render the world a watery waste were it not for the fact that the earth's crust is not stable but is capable of moving up or down. Downward movements permit the seas to spread

over the continents and receive the debris from the remaining land. Upward movements raise the old sea-bottoms out of water and rejuvenate the continents. We have, therefore, two opposing factors: (*a*) destruction of land and accumulation in the water (assisted by downward movements); (*b*) rejuvenation of the lands by upward movements. Herein lies our basis for tracing the history of the earth and for dividing it into chapters and lesser divisions. Theoretically we may assume a long period during which the continents are subject to wear and tear and to invasions by the seas with the consequent production of new rocks, followed by a period of elevation whereby the continents are restored. Such a series of events constitutes a cycle of time. Unfortunately for simplicity, only the greatest of these cycles are world-wide; minor cycles are more local, rendering the interpretation of the rock-written history exceedingly complex. Nevertheless, these principles are the basis on which the history of the earth is divided into chapters, in so far as the physical evidence is concerned.

Water-made rocks of different ages are in many cases so alike, and rocks of the same age in different places so different that it would be almost impossible, on physical evidence alone, to work out the true sequence of strata for the whole world or to compare the rocks of one continent with those of another. We have, however, in the organic evidence a most valuable aid to interpreting the physical evidence. The remains of plants and animals entombed in the rocks, the fossils, can be used in determining the age of a given layer of rock, and are indispensable where physical evidence fails. These relics of the past form one great orderly sequence, differing only in detail in different parts of the world. Constantly changing, but always in the same direction, and never repeating, they

constitute the most reliable means of correlating strata and establishing the history of the earth. Furthermore, they are themselves the evidence for interpreting the organic history of the earth which marches step by step with the physical history. These two aspects of geological history cannot be divorced. Which is the more fascinating, must depend on the interests of the investigator.

Life appeared on the earth perhaps a billion years ago, and, as far as we know, no living creature has appeared since except by derivation from ancestors. The inception of life must be regarded, therefore, as the most stupendous event in the history of the cosmos; for, from this humble source developing throughout the chain of ages, eventually came the mind of man. Man's intellect, however finite, is surely a more wonderful thing than all the vast inanimate universe.

The first great chapter of the earth's history is known as the Precambrian Era. It was longer than all subsequent time—more than a billion years. Some time during this period life appeared, and near its close had already reached a wonderful development, but the evidence is meagre as fossils are very few.

The Precambrian Era was brought to a close by extensive earth movements, and a new era, the Palæozoic, was ushered in. This time, perhaps five hundred million years, witnessed numerous invasions and retreats of the seas over the continental areas, with the consequent deposition of new rocks and the entombment of the life of the time. At the beginning of this era there were no land-plants; at its close there were luxuriant forests. At its beginning there were few sea-animals and those of simple structure; at its close the sea-animals were abundant and much more advanced. At its beginning there were no vertebrate animals; at its close fish had become

numerous, amphibians had developed, and reptiles had made their first appearance.

The Palæozoic Era came to an end with great earth-movements and mountain-building, and was followed by the Mesozoic Era, or time of middle life, during which the reptiles became the dominant animals. The Mesozoic Era lasted from one hundred and fifty to two hundred million years, and like its predecessors was terminated by terrestrial disturbances. The Cenozoic Era, or age of mammals, followed, and has continued to the present time, a space of fifty or seventy-five million years.

During the whole of the seven hundred million years from the beginning of the Palæozoic Era to the present, races of plants and animals have appeared, played their part, and disappeared. The new races arose from the older, but not from their last representatives. The older race usually lived on long after it had given rise to the race destined to supplant it. Most fossils are not directly ancestral to the animals and plants now living; they are, rather, survivals of old types destined to perish, or offshoots from the main chain of life which played a part and disappeared without at any time giving rise to the ancestors of any creature now living.

II

Dinosaurs are a group of animals belonging to the latter category. They arose from reptilian stock in late Palæozoic time, continued throughout the whole of the Mesozoic Era, and utterly disappeared at its close. Their origin is shrouded in the mystery that surrounds the beginnings of all significant departures from the old order, despite our firm belief in the doctrine of organic evolution. The end of the dinosaurs is as mysterious as their origin. We may postulate world-wide drought as the cause, we

may appeal to a deadly epidemic, to parasites, to over-specialization, to a change in the vegetable food, and to the competition of the on-coming mammals. We may adopt a teleological explanation and maintain that the dinosaurs disappeared simply because their time was up—and away we go into the debatable land of metaphysics and lose ourselves in the mists of philosophical discussion. Whatever may have caused the extinction of the dinosaurs, a more satisfactory explanation than any yet offered must be brought forward to account for the sudden disappearance of a great race that had spread into the four quarters of the earth and had endured for one hundred and fifty million years.

The order *Dinosauria* comprises animals so different in size, shape, and habits of life that it is not easy to frame a general definition without going into anatomical detail. They are long-necked, long-tailed reptiles with the limbs adapted for habitual support of the body. In many cases they had a bipedal manner of progression. The validity of the order is questioned by some authorities as it includes two types of creatures so different that their origin in a common source is doubtful.

The two types differ in many details but particularly in the character of the head, feet, and pelvic girdle. The pelvic girdle is the structure that supports the hind limbs; it is composed of three bones on each side—the ilium, a long horizontal bone above; the pubis, directed down and forward (prepubis) and in some cases also down and backward (postpubis); and the ischium, a long bone directed down and backward.

In the first type, *Saurischia*, the ilium is heavy, deep, and not greatly elongated; the prepubis is long and downwardly directed, and the two pubes unite at their extremities; there is no postpubis. The head is lighter than

in the other group, and, if the teeth are reduced, the reduction begins at the rear of the jaws. The *Saurischia* include two divisions, alike in the features stated above, but differing greatly in other features. One division, the *Theropoda*, is a group of flesh-eating, predaceous animals with long, pointed teeth, clawed toes, short front limbs, and bipedal manner of progression. The other group, the *Sauropoda*, includes massive animals of quadrupedal habit; the teeth are adapted to a vegetable diet, and the toes terminate in ill-formed hoofs.

The second type, *Ornithischia*, have long, narrow ilia, forwardly directed pubes with well-developed postpubes, and reduction in teeth occurs at the front of the jaws. There is a toothless bone (predentary) at the front of the lower jaw and a similar (usually toothless) premaxillary in the upper jaw; hence the earlier name *Predentata*. This division includes the crested and non-crested unarmoured forms (*Trachodontidae* and other families), the horned dinosaurs (*Ceratopsia*), and forms armed with plates in different ways, thus giving rise to several families.

In order to understand the development of the dinosaurs, it will be necessary to refer again to the Mesozoic Era. This long time is divided into three periods: the Triassic, the Jurassic, and the Cretaceous. In the Triassic Period dinosaurs made their first appearance; they are simple forms of the flesh-eating *Theropoda*. Skeletons have been found in the Triassic rocks of England, Germany, the eastern part of the United States, and elsewhere. It would appear that they had established themselves throughout the world at this early time.

The Jurassic Period witnessed a great development of the order; the *Theropoda* became larger and more specialized; the great *Sauropoda* appeared, and reached enormous

PLATE I —GENERALIZED LANDSCAPE OF UPPER CRETACEOUS TIME. *From a painting by Mr. G. A. Reid in the Royal Ontario Museum, reproduced by permission of the Board of Trustees.*

This composite picture shows in a generalized way the life of the time of maximum development of dinosaurs. At the left are two large carnivorous types; in the upper centre, and beyond the water to the right, are horned dinosaurs; near the trees at the right are trachodont dinosaurs; above the head of the large carnivore is a bird-like dinosaur. Other reptiles shown are turtles, crocodiles, pythonomorphs (in the water), and flying reptiles. Three wingless diving birds are shown near the centre. The vegetation is transitional between that of earlier time and that which now exists.

dimensions at the close of the period. These giant animals, the largest of land-animals, attained known lengths of sixty-seven and eighty-seven feet, and single bones from Patagonia and from Tanganyika indicate creatures more than one hundred feet long. The *Stegosauridae*, an ornithischian family armed with plates of bone along the back, appeared also in late Jurassic time.

In Lower Cretaceous time the *Sauropoda* continue, but they are of smaller size and occur in diminished numbers. The *Theropoda* also are well represented. The Upper Cretaceous probably represents, however, the time of greatest diversity and abundance of dinosaurs. The giant sauropods have disappeared, but some smaller forms survive; the *Theropoda* reach their greatest development, culminating in *Tyrannosaurus*, the most formidable, although not the largest, land-animal known. Ornithischian dinosaurs become extraordinarily abundant and varied. All the major families of *Ornithischia* reach their maximum in size, diversity, and numbers in this period. The unarmoured type is represented by numerous genera and species, some of which attain a length of forty feet. The horned dinosaurs were represented by primitive forms in the Cretaceous of Mongolia, but the family *Ceratopsidae* is confined to the Upper Cretaceous of North America, where it is represented by numerous genera and species that exhibit a remarkable series of evolutionary changes. The plated dinosaurs, also, reach in the Upper Cretaceous a profusion and diversity far in excess of their Lower Cretaceous development. The bird-like dinosaurs are practically confined to the Upper Cretaceous. (In connection with Cretaceous life see Plate I.)

The evolutionary changes in many of the *Ornithischia* indicate a development of organs of defence against the *Theropoda*. Did the defence fail? Was the extinction a

the end of the period due to the devouring of the *Ornithischia* by the *Theropoda*, which, in their turn, succumbed to starvation? It is a plausible but dangerous conclusion, for animals of prey do not, as a rule, completely destroy their own food-supply.

A downwarping of the central part of the North American Continent in Upper Cretaceous time permitted the sea to invade a wide area extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. This sea, in the Prairie Provinces, had its eastern boundary in Manitoba and its western along the site of the Rocky Mountains, which had not yet been born. The water along the western shore was shallow and at times it became brackish or even fresh. Under these conditions a luxuriant vegetation spread into the lagoons and swamps. The tooth of time eating into the highlands of British Columbia provided vast quantities of debris, chiefly sand and clay, which were washed into the water, burying the accumulated vegetation which is represented to-day by some of the coal-seams of Alberta. Living along these shores and venturing into the swamps were the dinosaurs. Thriving on the abundant food, the herbivorous forms increased in numbers and gradually developed into diverse species. But an enemy was present—the great flesh-eating *Theropoda*. We can picture many a chase, many a combat, and many a death-cry disturbing "the silence of the central sea."

With the close of the Cretaceous Period came the upheaval of the Rocky Mountains and the draining away of the waters from the greater part of the prairie region of Canada. The sea-bottom has become dry land; the prairie region is born. No longer do moisture-laden winds from the Pacific clothe Alberta with vegetation, and, with the change, the dinosaurs disappear forever.

III

Since Cretaceous time the Red Deer River has cut a gorge four hundred feet deep through the old Cretaceous sea-bottoms in western and central Alberta and revealed the successive strata made in the waters of the ancient mediterraneum. In the lower part of the gorge, down towards the junction of the Red Deer with the South Saskatchewan, is the Belly River formation—a brackish to freshwater deposit containing coal-beds and the remains of dinosaurs. Above the Belly River beds, and exposed farther up the gorge, is the Bearpaw formation—a marine series with neither coal nor dinosaurs. Above the Bearpaw and still farther up the gorge are the freshwater Edmonton beds, again rich in coal and the remains of dinosaurs.

In the two freshwater formations the quantity of isolated bones is almost incredible. When we remember that but a small fraction of the formations is exposed by the erosion of the river, we realize the numbers of these monsters that lived, fought, died, and were buried in the shifting sands of fifty million years ago.

The gorge of the Red Deer River, where it cuts through the Edmonton formation, has precipitous or slightly sloping walls. In consequence, the fossil-bearing strata are in many places difficult of access and the "hunting ground" is limited in extent. Farther down the river, below the village of Steveville, the gorge widens in the Belly River formation to a width of two or three miles. The erosion of the river has not been complete in this valley, with the result that isolated masses of the strata are left—the "buttes" so characteristic of "badland" topography. Whether in the badlands or in the more restricted gorge, the *modus operandi* of dinosaur-hunting is the same. A camp is established and prospecting begins.

The sides of the buttes and the walls of the gorge are carefully examined for bones, and never is there any difficulty in finding them. Between isolated bones, however, and complete or partial skeletons, there is a vast difference. Having made a "find" that shows articulated bones, the presence of a skeleton is suspected. To determine this point and to remove the skeleton, if present, the overlying rock is carefully quarried away. If a skeleton is found, no attempt is made to recover the bones singly, as the clearing away of the matrix is a delicate operation that can be done successfully only in the laboratory. The skeleton, with the rock, is divided into blocks of convenient size; each block is encased in a covering of burlap and plaster of paris, boxed, and shipped to the laboratory. The field-equipment necessary for the work is such that collecting by an individual is practically impossible. Only a properly organized party under competent supervision can recover a skeleton. A motor-truck, or a team of horses and waggon, is a first necessity. Sleeping tents, a cook-tent, and cooking appliances are required. Various types of picks, shovels, crowbars, and smaller tools are necessary for excavating. A heavy tripod with block and tackle is required for lifting and handling the sections. Supplies include shellac for hardening the bones, glues (ambroid or duco) for mending, Japanese paper for preventing the plaster from adhering to the bones, and burlap and plaster of paris for encasing the sections. As the shipping boxes have to be made on the ground and many odd jobs done, a small carpenter's outfit is required.

The removing of the bones from the matrix, their preparation and assembling, and the final mounting of the skeleton are done in the laboratory. The process is tedious and delicate and requires expert manipulation. As a bone

is gradually exposed by carefully chipping away the matrix, it is repeatedly soaked with thin shellac. This material hardens in all cracks and interspaces, making possible the further removal of the matrix. Some bones are almost pulverulent, and most of them are cut by innumerable cracks. Without the binding effected by shellac, the removal of most bones would be difficult, and in many cases impossible. Many bones, thus prepared, are still incapable of supporting their own weight. They must be strengthened by wires passed through them or by bands of soft iron, forged to shape, and bolted to the bone.

Mounts are generally of two kinds: (1) open mounts in which each bone is individually prepared and the skeleton so assembled that it stands free and can be viewed from all sides; (2) panel mounts in which the matrix is not all removed but is left to support the parts. In this kind of mount only one side is visible. Open mounts are, of course, preferable, but only the best of skeletons can be thus prepared. Further, they demand more of the preparators' time and require more gallery space than panel mounts. In panel mounts, the unremoved matrix and the plaster used in the setting-together of the sections present a very unsightly background for the skeleton. As a corrective the rock and plaster may be covered with a thin coat of plaster which is coloured and stippled to a uniform background. While this is the usual practice, another method has been adopted in the Royal Ontario Museum. Instead of using plaster, colouring, and stippling for the final surface, it is prepared by a thin coating of sand which is made to adhere to the underlying parts by a solution of gum arabic.

The laboratory equipment for work in vertebrate

palæontology comprises appliances and supplies of many kinds. An overhead travelling crane with block and tackle is used to lift the heavy cases and sections and to place them on substantial work-tables provided with casters. Large tables carrying beds of sand give a means of holding, in any desired position, bones in which shellac is drying, or glue or plaster setting. A stationary electric drill, of variable speed, is used for boring bones, steel, or wood; a portable electric drill is necessary for similar operations in connection with a mount. Electric grinders are used for shaping irons and for sharpening tools. In some cases they are employed to grind the rock away from the bones. A gas forge with anvil provides a means of bending and shaping iron and of tempering steel tools. Joints in iron supports were formerly made by bolting the parts together; now, this operation is more expeditiously performed by brazing which requires an oxyacetylene torch and tanks for the two gases. Vacuum-cleaners are employed to remove debris from the work and to keep down dust in the laboratory. A special room is provided with bins for different types of plaster, for colours, and for other supplies. Fairly complete sets of both wood-working and iron-working tools are necessary. Special tools for chiselling are made and tempered in the laboratory as occasion may demand. The minor equipment comprises brushes of various kinds; special containers for shellac, alcohol, cements, and solvents; collapsible bowls for plaster-mixing; plasticine for modelling missing parts, and many miscellaneous appliances and supplies.

The whole operation of preparing a mount requires patience, manual dexterity, mechanical skill, and some knowledge of anatomy. Much credit is due to Mr. Levi Sternberg, head preparator, and to his three assistants, for the excellent work done in the Royal Ontario Museum.

As indicative of the labour involved in erecting a mount, it may be stated that each of our major mounts has required the full time of four preparators for a year.

The presence of fossil bones in the Cretaceous formations of western Canada was first recorded by Dr. George M. Dawson in 1882. Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, in 1887, was first to record their occurrence on the Red Deer River. In 1897 the Geological Survey of Canada began the first serious attempt to recover skeletons. Mr. Lawrence M. Lambe was in charge of the expedition and was successful in making several valuable finds. Lambe's reports made known the richness of the deposits and encouraged a second expedition in 1898, and a third in 1901. Again in 1912 the Geological Survey entered the field with an expedition under the direction of the veteran collector, Mr. Charles H. Sternberg. These expeditions were continued for several consecutive years, and at intervals afterwards, under the direction of Mr. Sternberg or of one of his sons. The net result is that a very fine and representative collection is now in the possession of the Victoria Memorial Museum at Ottawa.

The American Museum of Natural History, New York, conducted expeditions under the direction of Mr. Barnum Brown during the years 1909 to 1915. The exposures were examined throughout the whole length of the fossiliferous region and a very large collection was acquired for the museum at New York.

Collections were made also by the Field Museum, Chicago, by the University of Alberta, by the British Museum (1916), and by private collectors. Specimens privately obtained have been sold to institutions in various places, notably the Natural History Society, San Diego, California, the University of Alberta, the British

Museum, the American Museum of Natural History, and the National Museum at Washington.

The first expedition of the University of Toronto was made in 1912 under the direction of Professor MacLean. Many isolated bones were obtained, but no skeleton nor head. A small collection was made, also, by the late Professor B. A. Bensley.

In 1918 was begun the series of expeditions by the University of Toronto which have been carried on annually to the present date, with the exception of the year 1932 when the staff of the Museum was engaged in moving into the new building. These expeditions were all to the Red Deer River with the exception of that of 1925 (Saskatchewan) and those of 1928 and 1929 (Dakota and Nebraska). The first two expeditions were under the immediate supervision of the writer; all others were conducted by Mr. Levi Sternberg. The expenses were met, at first by a special grant to the Department of Geology, later by grants for "Research in Palæontology," and during the last two years by grants from the Reuben Wells Leonard Bequest to the Royal Ontario Museum.

IV

The most abundant specimens are of genera and species of the family *Trachodontidae* of the *Ornithischia*. These dinosaurs are from thirty to forty feet in length, edentulous in the front of the mouth, and provided with a duck-like bill; hence, they are known as "duck-billed" dinosaurs. These forms have numerous rows of close-set teeth adapted for cutting vegetation; they have a hard, tough skin but no armour; the front legs are shorter than the hind legs and they doubtless were of bipedal habit when in flight. Skeletons of the following species are mounted in the gallery of reptiles in the Royal Ontario Museum:

PLATE II.—CORYTHOSAURUS INTERMEDIUS. A crested trachodont dinosaur mounted in the Royal Ontario Museum of Palæontology.

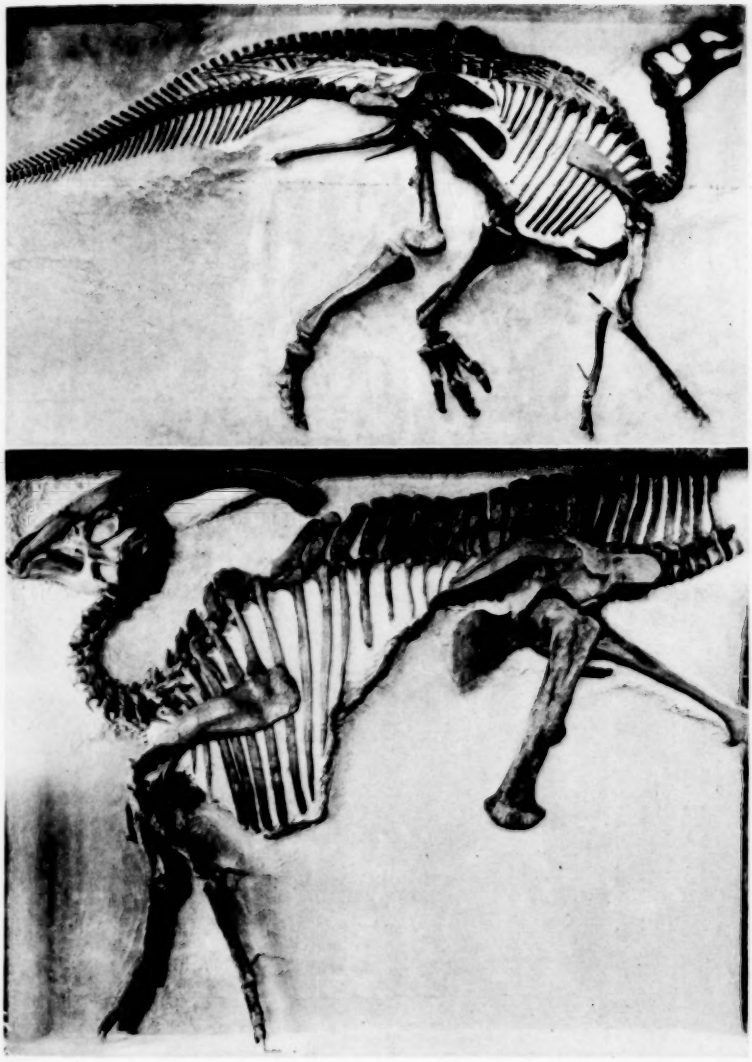


PLATE III.—KRITOSAURUS INCURVIMANUS. A non-crested trachodont dinosaur. The first skeleton mounted in the Royal Ontario Museum.

PLATE IV.—PARASAUROLOPHUS WALKERI. A trachodont dinosaur mounted in the Royal Ontario Museum of Palæontology. Note the remarkable and unique head.

Kritosaurus incurvimanus—type specimen, Belly River formation, 1918 (see Plate III);
Edmontosaurus regalis—two specimens, Edmonton formation, 1923 and 1924;
Prosaurolophus maximus—Belly River formation, 1921;
Corythosaurus intermedius—open mount, Belly River formation, 1919 (see Plate II);
Parasaurolophus walkeri—type specimen, Belly River formation, 1920 (see Plate IV).

In addition to the complete skeletons, the gallery contains heads and partial skeletons of:

Tetragonosaurus erectofrons—type specimen, Belly River formation, 1927;
Tetragonosaurus praeceps—type specimen, Belly River formation, 1930;
Hypacrosaurus altispinus—Edmonton formation, 1922;
Lambeosaurus lambei—Belly River formation, 1920;
Corythosaurus intermedius—type specimens, Belly River formation, 1919 and 1920.

The *Ceratopsia* or horned dinosaurs are heavy low-set animals with great horns on the head; also, they have an extension of the head bones in the form of a "frill" to protect the neck. The head is, on the average, four feet long, but much greater dimensions are known. These animals are *Ornithischia* and have an edentulous predentary bone, in life carrying a "bill" which is more like that of a parrot than that of a duck. The following specimens are mounted in the gallery:

Anchiceratops ornatus—head only, Edmonton formation, 1922;
Chasmosaurus brevirostris—type specimen, Belly River formation, 1926;

Chasmosaurus belli—complete open mount, Belly River formation, 1926 (see Plate VI);

Arrhinoceratops brachyops—type specimen, head only, Edmonton formation, 1923;

Centrosaurus apertus—head and partial skeleton, Belly River formation, 1919.

The "plated dinosaurs" (*Nodosauridae*) are also ascribed to the *Ornithischia*. The head, the body, and even the tail, are protected by dermal plates of bone, arranged in different ways in different genera. They are very wide-bodied, low-set animals, with small heads. In some cases the bones of the tail are fused into a continuous rod armed at the end by a great bony mass as much as two feet in diameter. This structure must have been a formidable weapon of defence, and it may have been used for felling small trees in search of food. Nodosaurs have been aptly described as "animated citadels." The specimens of this type of dinosaur are as follows:

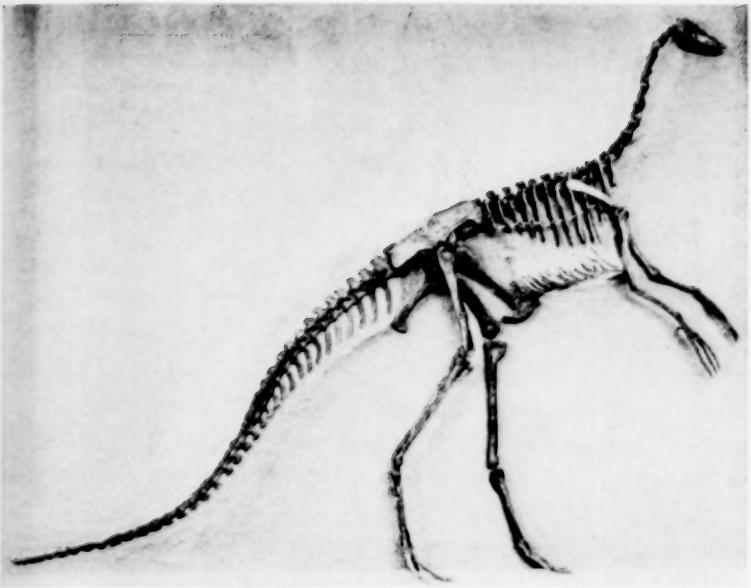
Ankylosaurus sp.—large tail club, Belly River formation, 1921;

Ankylosaurus sp.—partial skeleton with skin and armour, Belly River formation, 1920;

Dyoplosaurus acutosquameus—type specimen, Belly River formation, 1919.

A peculiar group of small, elongated dinosaurs, *Hypsilophodontidae*, is of doubtful systematic position but is ascribed in the latest works to the *Ornithischia*. This group is represented by a very fine specimen: *Thescelosaurus warreni*—type specimen, Edmonton formation, 1922.

The *Theropoda*, a division of *Saurischia*, are the flesh-eating, clawed dinosaurs with habitual bipedal progression. The front limbs are so small as to be quite useless for progression and probably were never used for



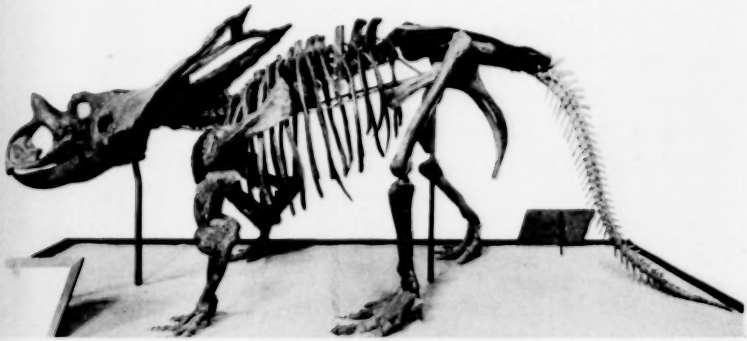


PLATE V.—STRUTHIOMIMUS CURRELLII. A bird-like dinosaur. This is probably the finest skeleton that has been found. Mounted in the Royal Ontario Museum of Palæontology.

PLATE VI.—CHASMOSAURUS BELLI. A horned dinosaur mounted in the Royal Ontario Museum of Palæontology.

support of the body. The greatest of these forms, appropriately called *Tyrannosaurus rex* was forty-seven feet in length, and in a standing posture reached a height of eighteen to twenty feet. The head is four feet, three inches long, armed with teeth up to six inches in length. This awe-inspiring animal was the most formidable creature that has ever lived on the land. *Tyrannosaurus* is not found in the Cretaceous rocks of Alberta, but others only a little smaller are known. The greatest Canadian species are ascribed to the genera *Albertosaurus* and *Gorgosaurus*. The Museum contains one mount of *Albertosaurus arctunguis*, type specimen, Edmonton formation, 1923. A smaller form, as yet undetermined as to species, is now being prepared. Many isolated teeth and single bones of *Gorgosaurus* are displayed in the gallery.

A peculiar family of bird-like dinosaurs, *Ornithomimidae*, regarded as *Theropoda*, is well represented in both the Belly River and the Edmonton formations, but usually by isolated bones only. These animals have no teeth and the head is light and delicate like that of a bird. The front limbs are short and the hind limbs are powerful; both carry clawed digits. The bones of the head are of paper thinness in places, making the preservation rare and the preparation difficult. The Museum has the finest collection of these bird-like dinosaurs hitherto obtained, including two heads in a much better state of preservation than any others known. The mounted specimens are as follows:

Struthiomimus samueli—type specimen with head, Belly River formation, 1926;

Struthiomimus brevetertius—type specimen without head, Edmonton formation, 1924;

Struthiomimus ingens—type specimen without head, Edmonton formation, 1931;

Struthiomimus currellii—type specimen with head, the best skeleton yet discovered, Edmonton formation, 1931 (see Plate V).

In addition to the major specimens in the gallery, there is a large number of prepared parts and single bones in storage or on display. The material as yet unprepared includes twelve more or less complete skeletons of trachodont dinosaurs, four heads of horned dinosaurs, and two partial skeletons of carnivores.*

V

The collecting, mounting, and preserving of these great relics of the past is a work involving much labour, time, and money. It is, however, a work of national importance and one that cannot be deferred to some future time. The ceaseless erosion of the fossil-bearing beds, here and there and from time to time, exposes a skeleton; if this skeleton is not collected it succumbs to the wear and tear and is lost forever. The Dominion, the provinces, and the universities should unite in an effort to organize annual expeditions to prevent so great a national loss.

The collecting and preserving of the remains of these spectacular animals and their exhibition to the public in museums, is well worth the labour and expense involved. There is, however, a still more important aspect of the

*Specimens have been sent in exchange for other material to the following institutions: National Museum, Washington; Field Museum, Chicago; Walker Museum, Chicago; University of Michigan; Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa; National Museum, Buenos Aires, Argentina; National University Museum, La Plata, Argentina; National Museum, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. The only dinosaurian material received in exchange is a head of the plated form *Anodontosaurus* and parts of the head of the great carnivore *Gorgosaurus*. The expeditions to the Red Deer River resulted in many specimens other than dinosaurs, chiefly turtles and champsosaurs with which we are not at present concerned.

work: the discovery of species not previously known to science. In natural history, the actual specimen on which a new species is founded is known as the "type" of that species. Obviously such specimens are far more valuable than mere examples of species already described. The rating of a museum by men of science is largely determined by the number of types in its possession. Our expeditions have been remarkably successful in bringing to light a number of new species. In the lists given on previous pages, it will be noted that fifteen species are indicated as types, and we have at least two more dinosaurs that probably will constitute the types of new species. In addition, the expeditions have revealed several new species of animals other than dinosaurs of which the types have been placed in the gallery.

The great problem of the nature of life itself rests for its solution on studies of the past, perhaps more than on any other factor. The chain of life throughout the ages, however broken, discontinuous, and uncertain it may be in places, constitutes the most solid foundation for the edifice of organic evolution. A vast array of facts has been assembled, but there is room for more. There are still unexplained gaps in the long chain stretching "from polyp to man." These gaps are gradually being filled by investigations in all parts of the world, and the chain of life as we know it is becoming less and less discontinuous. Every discovery of a previously unknown animal or plant strengthens the chain, and allows the light of truth to shine a little more clearly through the obscurity of the past. Perhaps this light will some time shine so brightly that all doubts will be removed and we shall be able to read from the rocks an uninterrupted story of the development of life on the earth. When this objective is achieved, we shall still have a greater gap to cross for which no

bridge is in sight. The history of life, however complete, may fail to reveal the cause of its progression, the laws governing its development, or the goal, if there be a goal, towards which it is directed.

The dinosaurs of Alberta present a fertile field for investigations in these more profound aspects of the study of past life on the earth. They occur in great numbers and in an extraordinary diversity; further, the species seem to be restricted to a very short range. There is no dinosaur of Belly River time that survived into Edmonton time and those of the Edmonton did not extend into the still later Lance (the last of the Cretaceous formations of western North America). When more collecting has been done and all the evidence assembled, it is possible that the study of our Alberta dinosaurs may add materially to our knowledge of the laws governing the development of life on the earth.

The collecting of dinosaurs, or of any other fossils, is not done primarily for the exhibition of prehistoric skeletons in museums, but to reveal the organic history of the earth and to establish the successive stages that have led to life as it now is. Every new discovery strengthens the chain connecting the present with the past, makes the "seriation" more complete and the argument for evolution more convincing. However perfect the seriation, it may be said, and is said by opponents of evolution, that the orderly sequence in time is not a proof of the derivation of new species from ancestors of different type. It is obviously impossible to bring forward actual proof. It has been aptly said that "the palæontologist cannot assist at a single birth." He has, however, established a mass of evidence in support of orderly sequence so overwhelming that any other explanation than that of organic descent seems superfluous. The

palæontologist has done more: he has established a relationship between organic changes and changes in the physical environment. He has helped to establish at least one attribute of life—that of adaptation. By what mechanism organisms respond to developmental stimuli, and how the response is reflected in the physical structure of the creature, is not known.

Herein lies the great gap already referred to—a gap that science has not yet bridged. If it ever is bridged, it will not be by the palæontologist alone. Insecure bridges have been thrown across the chasm, but modern science has discarded the planks and has almost rejected the girders. Darwinism (the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest) is to-day regarded as a possible factor but not as the primary cause. Lamarckism (the inheritance of acquired characteristics) is even more discredited. The mutation theory (accidental changes in the germ cells) is being investigated by an army of workers in cytology and genetics whose achievements during the past twenty-five years are little short of marvellous. Perhaps a more secure structure will be erected through their efforts, but we are unable as yet to cross in safety on their bridge.

The most ardent anti-evolutionist will scarcely deny that physico-chemical processes are involved in the maintenance of an organism and in the production of its offspring. Evolutionists maintain that such processes are similarly involved in the transformation of one species into another. Let us make an assumption, not beyond the possibilities of science, that the whole chemico-physical basis of life and of evolution has been revealed. Shall we be any nearer to an explanation of life itself? Shall we know if there is a purpose in life and if there is a goal towards which it is struggling? I fear we shall have

crossed one chasm but to be confronted by another still greater—the great gulf that lies between the Finite and the Infinite.

That I may escape the accusation of wandering from my theme, it should be understood that the study of a dinosaur is not undertaken for itself alone but in relation to its environment both physical and organic, also, and more particularly, in relation to its predecessors and its successors. Palæontology and the doctrine of evolution are so interwoven that they cannot be divorced. A palæontologist thinks in terms of evolution. He is engaged in forging keys to unlock the fastnesses of the past. Perhaps his keys may be refashioned to open the mysterious portal of the future, and from what has been we may conceive a picture of what is yet to be.

> Thou unrelenting Past!
> Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
> And fetters, sure and fast,
> Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign. . . .
>
> Thine for a space are they—
> Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last:
> Thy gates shall yet give way,
> Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past.

THE PERSONAL NOTE IN TENNYSON'S CLASSICAL POEMS

DOUGLAS BUSH

OF late years, very happily, sniffs or sneers at Tennyson have ceased to be proof of a modern critical intelligence. The reaction of the earlier twentieth century against the laureate was not in itself entirely modern; some of our complaints had been made by Wilson and Lockhart, and, as the Victorian age advanced, most of the others were added; even the years of relative security after 1850 were not altogether a green lawn "where Alf, the sacred river, ran." As that great era receded into the past, hostile voices increased in volume and shrillness. Victorian literature could be damned outright as "pink pills for pale people," and its most complete and revered representative was the chief sufferer. The reaction was, of course, inevitable, and, in cutting Tennyson loose from a mass of dubious writing and from a partly adventitious and spurious reputation, it has left an indubitable poet standing on a smaller but firmer pedestal.

The mind of Tennyson often has been, and often is, considered as an open book, by his friends as well as his enemies. It appears to have been a pool (if I may adapt to Tennyson a phrase of Mr. Chesterton's) which reflected Victorian infinity by the simple process of being shallow and standing still. But, without arguing for profundity in Tennyson, one may find it harder to sum him up in a formula than almost any other Victorian poet. Both as man and as artist he exhibits such a variety of strains and impulses that one centre is less easily discernible than

it seems. In this shy, taciturn, moody bard was the man who looked as if he could have written the *Iliad* and who wrote *The Lord of Burleigh;* whose conversation (one is glad to know) smacked of the Lincolnshire soil, and whose pastorals have the raciness of a vicarage garden-party; who was one of the earliest admirers of the Prince Consort and of Walt Whitman; who could shake with laughter as he read *St. Simeon Stylites*, and with passion as he read *Maud;* who wrote *The Northern Farmer* and *Tithonus*, *Tears*, *Idle Tears* and *The May Queen*, *The Lady of Shalott* and *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, *The Princess* and *Rizpah*. . . . But one might prolong indefinitely the list of apparent contradictions—the products of extraordinary versatility. Much of Tennyson is dead beyond recall, but we still hear the wind sweep and the plover cry, and the sea breaking on the cold gray stones, that sea whose every aspect Tennyson recorded with passionate felicity. He lives mainly as a painter of landscape and water, as a poet of lyrical, especially elegiac, moments, and, within limits, as a superb artist in words, a maker of golden lines.

Tennyson's mind and career, it seems, contain some paradoxes, and it has been thought necessary by modern critics to find a formula which explains a supposed change in him. The common pattern of interpretation is something like this. Tennyson began as a genuine Romantic poet and lyrist, and ended as a laureate, a British minister for divine affairs. The true poetic fire that he possessed was gradually extinguished by a number of causes—native timidity and morbid sensitiveness to both blame and praise; the "Apostles'" contagious zeal for uplift; the thrusting, by misguided friends and pious public, of the rôle of *vates* or preacher upon a born singer; the paralysing result of accepting and expounding the Victorian compromise; the taming influence of a wife who ruled his

spirit from her sofa; prosperity and familiar acquaintance with royalty. . . .

Doubtless all these deleterious agencies and more were in operation, and some of them certainly left their mark, but the formula of the frustrated artist has been so widely used by modern biographical writers that one may grow suspicious of a well-worn pass-key; might it not be assumed that most artists become what they were made capable of becoming? A complete survey of Tennyson's life from Somersby to Westminster Abbey does not suggest that he was notably warped, that he took, or was pushed into, the wrong road. Surely his temperament, his parentage, his early life and training, made his future course almost inevitable—it would perhaps be too fanciful to wonder if he could have read the filial *Memoir* half a century in advance and modelled himself accordingly. There are paradoxes in the mature Tennyson, but there were paradoxes in little Alfred. In that astonishing play, *The Devil and the Lady*, which he wrote at the age of fourteen, in the midst of Elizabethan robustiousness (and Tennysonian landscape-painting) we have speculations about the mystery of evil and about "suns and spheres and stars and belts and systems." If we must have a formula, a glance at the Tennysonian table of contents will furnish one that is far from novel. From the juvenilia to *Crossing the Bar* he was sometimes a poet, sometimes a preacher. As a boy he was tormented by thoughts of sin and hell, as a very young man he wrestled with religious doubts; he had dark moods of scepticism, melancholy, mysticism. On the other hand, among the mass of early verse in a decorative romantic vein there are very few pieces which can be compared at all with the best lyrics of his late middle and his old age. If one allows for the normal mellowing of maturity, Tennyson

was at the end what he was at the beginning, an artist who had consummate powers of expression and not very much, except as an emotional poet, to say. If he was a poet *manqué*, the spoiling process had commenced at a date too remote for critical analysis; it appears to have been partly pre-natal.

Tennyson's juvenilia are the work of a conscious and not altogether unworthy heir of the Romantic poets, but they reveal two dangerous pre-occupations, one didactic and one stylistic; both might be taken as symptoms of lower poetic vitality than the Romantics possessed. Not that the great Romantics had not been both teachers and stylists, but, in the first place, they had lived more fully than Tennyson, had earned a more valid right to expound what truth they had attained; and, in the second place, however ornate they might be, style remained a means, it did not become an end in itself. For instance, not to mention *The Poet*, in which Tennyson had arrived so easily at messianic confidence, in the later *Palace of Art* he is posing much the same question that had troubled Shelley and Keats. Can the individual soul live in an intellectual and artistic world of its own, in selfish isolation from mankind, or does it need the nourishment of ordinary human life and sympathy with the common lot? In spite of the nebulous scenery and symbolism of *Alastor*, and the decorative waywardness of *Endymion*, no one can doubt that Shelley and Keats are stirred to their depths by the problem they feel and try to solve. Tennyson is more palpably didactic: he is not struggling toward a glimpse of truth, he has apparently always known it, and he communicates no vital apprehension of the problem. *The Palace of Art* as a poem does not move us at all, partly because it seems to have cost the author so little, partly because, as the abundant revision testifies, he is mainly

concerned with the framing of those exquisite panel pictures and the subtle arrangement of vowels and consonants. We may wish that Tennyson had been, like Keats, a "natural man," so to speak, who had to make himself and his own spiritual world, instead of finding both ready-made, but we must take him as he is.

There is probably no group of poems, apart from the great lyrics, so sure of a place in any Tennyson anthology as most of those on classical subjects, and it is with them that this article is chiefly concerned. Whatever flickering lights sometimes misled him, Tennyson never wavered in his loyalty to the ancients. And his devotion was rewarded. Classical themes generally banished from his mind what was timid, parochial, sentimental, inadequately philosophical, and evoked his special gifts, his most authentic emotions, his rich and wistful sense of the past, his love of nature, and his power of style. If Tennyson's method of modernizing is sometimes a handicap, it is also a main part of his strength, for the vitality of his classical poems is in proportion to the personal feeling they contain. He carries on the manner of Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, not that of Landor.

Tennyson's first important mythological poem might almost be said to inherit the spirit of Coleridge. *The Hesperides* (1832) is the purest piece of romantic magic and mystery that Tennyson ever achieved, and the author of *The May Queen* did not reprint it. Nowhere else in his work is such strangeness added to beauty as in this weird mythological incantation. In the Theocritean *Œnone*, Tennyson has found his own style, and he has lost something in the process; here there is much beauty, but little strangeness, and there is abundant artifice also. Even in the moment of admiration we wonder how many pipes the author smoked over these delicately contrived em-

broideries of phrase and rhythm, which constantly call attention to themselves. It is these that we remember, and the picture-making, and we forget, as Tennyson does, Œnone and her wrongs. Yet the poem is not without personal feeling. Œnone's "And I am all aweary of my life" links itself with many poems in which Tennyson laments that "My life is full of weary days." But even this genuine mood, expressed as it is, ceases to seem genuine.

There is in *Œnone* another and less poetic strain of personal emotion; it is the only classical poem in which moralizing is positively obtrusive. Tennyson was generally more of a poet when seeking peace and wisdom than when in possession of them. The sound and prosaic philosophy of Pallas is so very Tennysonian that we may suddenly become aware that she is a highly respectable Victorian lady—unaccountably undressed, apart from a spear. Not that a poet must be a rebel, but the beauty of order and tradition needs the intense conviction of Hooker or Burke. Tennyson had gained his faith in moderation too easily; his axioms were not proved on his pulses and they do not stir ours. And when that sincere but ready-made Polonian creed is mixed with the larger hope, it is still further removed from, say, the hard-won iterations of Greek tragedy or of Milton. Tennyson is so obviously sticking an edifying patch into the middle of his golden tapestry that we feel we have been beguiled by a sensuous story that turns into a tract. Such procedure in the handling of myth was, of course, deliberate on Tennyson's part, but in *Œnone* the modern "frame" is too heavy for the picture. Yet how magnificently the poem ends! The man who for sixty years was to brood on the question of life after death, who was to chant melodiously

of grief and faith, here sets forth a completely pagan feeling in lines which do stir the pulse:

> I will not die alone,
> Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
> Walking the cold and starless road of Death
> Uncomforted. . . .

And what lifts him to this level? Is it not a memory of Dido's despair—

> semperque relinqui
> sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
> ire viam. . . . ?

In *The Lotos-Eaters* the Homeric fable itself is quite lost in decoration. Who are these singers who sit down on the shore and softly interweave the most delicate observations of nature with the most delicate analysis of modern ennui? Not certainly a band of tough and hairy Greek mariners (whose first thought on landing anywhere was for food and drink), but an operatic chorus. Even if such refining of the Homeric episode is in itself permissible, the poetic attitude which engenders it may extend to the treatment of the central theme. Many earlier and later poems make it clear that *The Lotos-Eaters* is not an isolated moral holiday, that its plea for selfish irresponsibility, for escape from the claims of duty and effort, is related to Tennyson's frequent expressions of weariness and disillusionment. The theme of *accidia* is not frivolous or ignoble, and the celebration of earnest effort in poetry is not necessarily superior to the repudiation of it, but it needs to be treated with seriousness and intensity. Despair is here only sensuous apathy luxuriantly overornamented. *The Lotos-Eaters* aims at being a serious poem, but it is merely a musical reverie, an incomparably pretty account of spiritual disintegration.

Additions in the earlier part of the poem had deepened

its moral significance, and the new Lucretian conclusion, in Spedding's solemn words, was "of still more awful import," for it showed "the effect of lotos-eating upon the religious feelings." And the poet who felt called to be a leader, not to languish in a palace of art, whose mind revolved continually around death and immortality, assuredly put some personal feeling into lines like these:

> What pleasure can we have
> To war with evil?
> Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!
> And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

We remember such lines, but only as beautiful lines, along with the pictures of three silent pinnacles of aged snow, of the full-juiced apple that drops in a silent autumn night, and a multitude of other beauties of verbal decoration.

Whatever reservations are made in regard to the Lydian airs of *Œnone* and *The Lotos-Eaters*, there can be nothing but praise for the Doric strength and nobility of *Ulysses*. The death of Hallam was, of course, the great crisis, indeed the only crisis, of Tennyson's life. That loss crystallized, with inescapable immediacy and directness, those questions of life and death and faith which had long been floating in his mind. His standing ground had been cut from under him. Out of this grief and bewilderment *Ulysses* was born. *Ulysses* expounds no ready-made moral lesson: the forces of order and courage win a hard victory over the dark mood of chaos and surrender.

Both in spirit and in many details the poem is quite un-Greek, but probably no one has ever quarrelled with this example of Tennyson's modernizing habit. The Greek world had no room for a mind and soul questing after the unknown, and Tennyson's conception, derived

from Dante, becomes a noble expression of his conviction of "the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life." And he heightens the impression of resolute old age, of mysteries that must be faced, by having Ulysses set sail as night is falling; a Greek would not have been so rash. Ulysses naturally loses his notable guile, and is endowed with a modern sensibility and magnanimous reflectiveness. If in a few lines philosophizing threatens to become a little top-heavy for the vehicle, there are corrective elements throughout the poem. There is the stately but masculine and sinewy blank verse—for even in grief Tennyson does not forget his vowels—and there is the incomparable phrasing, rich with that special Tennysonian beauty of classical associations and overtones. Even the simplicity is a finely wrought, a Tennysonian and Virgilian simplicity; but the mood of heroic enterprise does not melt into landscape or over-refined decoration. And in our ears is the sound of waves, for Tennyson, who can be so satiny, so weak and tame, is nevertheless the greatest English poet of the sea.

When Tennyson treats the same idea in an ancient and in a modern setting, he is almost invariably superior, greatly superior, in the former. The ancient subject taps that authentic vein of his inspiration, his classical memories, and it limits the range of thought and allusion, forbids anything in the nature of modern realism, and compels concentration on the universal and more or less symbolic aspects of the theme. *The Two Voices* grew out of the same spiritual distress as *Ulysses*, it is the fullest statement of Tennyson's inner conflict, and, as a whole, it is a serious, noble, and moving poem. It grapples directly, in the Arnoldian way, with the religious problem of a modern mind. But what sets the despairing hero on the path of courage and hope again? The sight of a

father, mother, and little maiden pure pacing churchward on Sunday morning! And in *Locksley Hall* the unpleasant and declamatory modern hero salves a wounded heart with hopes of scientific progress. The assertion of positive faith and hope in *Ulysses* is neither bathetic nor strident. The hero is not touched by parochial piety—Penelope does not wear the rose of womanhood—or by thoughts of science (though these things may be included in the symbolism of the voyage); he does not stand in the fetters of the Victorian compromise. When Tennyson deals directly with modern problems, he frequently utters little more than a journalistic bark or a clerical bleat. In *Ulysses* the realities of his own experience, controlled by artistic detachment and objectivity, achieve a lofty serenity of fortitude and aspiration.

Tithonus does not grow out of personal emotion in the same degree as *Ulysses*. The mythological situation is not a literally possible human experience (though the suitor of Emily Sellwood might in time have felt otherwise); the poem is not a clean-cut projection of a heroic character and mood, it is the expression of a vain yearning for release from the burden of living. But Tennyson wrote *Tithonus* in the period of *Ulysses*, *Morte d'Arthur*, and *Break, Break, Break*, when thoughts of death and eternity lay heavy upon him, and he could treat the subject with more than imaginative sympathy. Moral lessons have been drawn from *Tithonus*, but surely it at least is free from a sound prudential maxim. Is not the high place that *Tithonus* holds among Tennyson's classical poems, indeed among all his poems, partly owing to the fact that it is not cramped by a modern moral or frame? The poem is simply the full realization of the timeless themes and contrasts of youth and age and love and death, a tone poem in gray and silver. And the pathos

inherent in the simple cycle of every human life is felt and rendered not only with Virgilian ornateness, but with Virgilian pity and tenderness.

Thus it is not an accident that *Ulysses* and *Tithonus*, the purest expressions of his most personal and poetic moods, are counted the best of Tennyson's classical poems. In them structure, style, and theme are in perfect harmony. *Œnone* and *The Lotos-Eaters*, in comparison, are collections of beautiful lines; personal emotion is there, but it is less fundamental, less sincere, it is encrusted with moralizing or ornamentation or both. The ranking of the later poems largely depends, other things being equal, on the same simple criterion. Three of them, *Lucretius*, *Tiresias*, and *Demeter and Persephone*, are more or less animated by characteristic Tennysonian thoughts and feelings, and the only really poor one is the objective and half-Landorian *Death of Œnone*, which seems to have no very cogent reason for existing. If this latest poem is a failure, it is not because of "the husband and wife and widow business" over which Mr. Harold Nicolson makes merry, it is not because Tennyson was obsessed with domesticity—for in making Paris and Œnone husband and wife he was only following his classical sources—it is because of the lack of a vitalizing personal impulse.

Of the other three poems, *Tiresias* and *Demeter and Persephone* are in Tennyson's characteristic style, and the former is somewhat marred by his old faults of irrelevant decoration and inadequately motivated moralizing. *Lucretius*, of course, is *sui generis*. Here there is no "classical" detachment; Tennyson writes as one engulfed in the swirling current of chaotic thought and passion that he describes. But all three poems continue to express their author's questioning of life, his half fearful, half hopeful contemplation of death and the dark, of individual and

national and human destiny. *Lucretius* and *Tiresias* spring directly out of Victorian conditions and problems, the one depicting the suicidal despair which was, for Tennyson, the inevitable consequence of materialism, the other expounding patriotic wisdom, moderation, and courage. The immediate theme of *Demeter* is maternal passion, but it involves a glance at the riddling Fates and ends with an affirmation of faith in a better day to come.

And again one might observe the vast superiority of these poems to more or less parallel utterances not kept within a classical frame. Contrast *Lucretius* with *Despair*, with parts of *In Memoriam*, with the doggerel of *By an Evolutionist*, with that unfortunate drama *The Promise of May*, or indeed with *The Lotos-Eaters*. Except for a detail or two *Lucretius* is a splendid whole, a serious and impressive picture of spiritual disintegration. We lose nothing if we neglect the modern implications, though the poem would lose most of its force if Tennyson had not felt them. And although he felt them intensely, he was able, even while condemning materialism, to identify himself so passionately with a real or imagined Lucretius that the result is not, like *Despair* and the rest, a harangue, nor, like *The Lotos-Eaters*, a mere reverie.

Tennyson could project himself with more initial sympathy into the figure of Tiresias. It is Tennyson who has sought

> to scale the highest of the heights
> With some strange hope to see the nearer God.

("My most passionate desire," he said once, "is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God.") It is Tennyson who would be a seer and a sage, who, in spite of his strain of jingoism, has been dismayed by the horrors of war, who has believed that the tyranny of one is prelude to the tyranny of all, and that the tyranny of all leads backward

to the tyranny of one. It is only in these last lines that modern moralizing may be called obtrusive, and they have a Victorian ring; yet the sentiment is Hellenic enough, it is in fact thoroughly Platonic. The trouble is that it does not grow naturally out of the theme and context.

Finally, it is Tennyson who prays:

> But for me,
> I would that I were gather'd to my rest,
> And mingled with the famous kings of old,
> On whom about their ocean-islets flash
> The faces of the Gods—the wise man's word,
> Here trampled by the populace underfoot,
> There crown'd with worship—and these eyes will find
> The men I knew, and watch the chariot whirl
> About the goal again, and hunters race
> The shadowy lion, and the warrior-kings,
> In height and prowess more than human, strive
> Again for glory, while the golden lyre
> Is ever sounding in heroic ears
> Heroic hymns, and every way the vales
> Wind, clouded with the grateful incense-fume
> Of those who mix all odour to the Gods
> On one far height in one far-shining fire.

Whatever the date of these beautiful lines, they are the utterance of a tired and disillusioned man, who has felt, for all his preaching of "the need of the Ideal," as if his life "had been a very useless life." When Tennyson expounded his faith in one far-off divine event, he was sometimes impressive, sometimes not, but he was not merely blowing bubbles.

> To me often [he wrote] the far-off world seems nearer than the present, for in the present is always something unreal and indistinct, but the other seems a good solid planet, rolling round its green hills and paradises to the harmony of more steadfast laws. There steam up from about me mists of weakness, or sin, or despondency, and roll between me and the far planet, but it is there still.

In Tennyson's classical poems that far-off world is not the Godwinian Utopia that Shelley loved to paint, nor is it the scientific future of the journalistic and hectoring *Locksley Hall* pieces. In *Tiresias* he turns from ugly actuality to take refuge in a dream of classic times, and his heroic elysium is akin to his several pictures of the happy life of the Homeric or Lucretian gods, which are a recurring symbol, now of divine indifference to the world, more often of a divine lotos-land where all doubts and fears are at rest, where this sorry scheme of things is remoulded nearer to the heart's desire. When Tennyson writes in Christian terms of some perfect state, he is seldom a poet, and not a very satisfactory preacher. But when his wistful longing for a quiet abode above the tumult is expressed in classical terms, when he sees one far-shining fire on the altars of the gods, he may still be in a dream-world, yet how magnificent a dream! Such writing may be damned as poetry of escape, and perhaps it is, but at any rate the most influential poet and critic of our time seems to have invested Tiresias with a partly similar, if more sophisticated significance. (I say "seems" because one speaks of any particular meaning in *The Waste Land* with proper diffidence.) Mr. Eliot does not, like Tennyson, find alleviation or aesthetic sublimation of his pain in weaving sumptuous Pindaric embroidery, but both Modern and Victorian, oppressed by an ignoble present, express through the Theban prophet a romantic yearning for an unattainable ideal, a remembered vision.

It was the ageing Tennyson who felt most keenly the need of such support, and his last great utterance in that vein was *Demeter and Persephone*, which appeared when the poet was eighty. It is as a whole, if not in particular beauties, a finer and more serious poem than the *Œnone* of half a century before. Tennyson had for the most part

ceased to labour under messianic responsibility. Whether he spoke or kept silent, the world was going on its way, to ill, or, he might still hope, to good. Not only his brother and his son, but friend after friend, had gone, and he whose mind had seldom been free from thoughts of death and immortality was himself approaching the end. Demeter's is not, as Mr. Lucas says of Œnone's, a painted grief upon a painted mountain; a poet with a full life behind him is too much concerned with human experience to find solace in beautiful landscapes. Here myth is the vehicle for a truly and purely poetic questioning of the mysteries of love and life and earth and human destiny. And one need not invoke *The May Queen* as a reminder of the difference between a modern and a classical treatment of the love of mother and daughter. There is no taint of sentimentality in the Demeter who feels "the deathless heart of motherhood" shudder within her. The very remoteness of the theme from the everyday world prevents any lapses into trivial middle-class domesticities, and, in a positive way, contributes an imaginative spaciousness, a primitive greatness of maternal passion, that is worthy of the earth-mother.

The poem is full of Tennyson's mellow Virgilian sense of the rhythm of the seasons and the life of man who "comes and tills the field and lies beneath." It was in much the same spirit that he had written *Early Spring* and *The Progress of Spring* many years before. (Mr. Hugh Fausset, whose disregard of mere fact in favour of an inner light has enabled him to re-interpret so many English poets, finds in these early lyrics evidence that "Death was indeed discovering to him the crystal purity of life at its fount.") The modern frame of *Demeter and Persephone* is less simply objective than these lyrics of spring. If Browning had handled the myth, he would

probably have argued from Demeter's love to God's greater love for man, from the imperfection of earth to the perfection of heaven. Over Tennyson's less buoyant optimism lies the shadow of the hard eternities, of the Fates who spin the lives of men and know not why they spin, and his expectation of a better day is conceived throughout in mythological terms. Echoing Æschylus, and probably Keats's *Hyperion*, Demeter hopes for an era of "younger kindlier Gods." Tennyson's faith in progress does not here rest on the advance of science, there is nothing of the modernism which is so quickly dated. The gods will grow beneficent, the queen of death shall send her life along with her mother's "from buried grain thro' springing blade." They shall no longer be feared, but shall reap

> The worship which is Love, and see no more
> The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering lawns
> Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires
> Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide
> Along the silent field of Asphodel.

There is space for only a glance at three of Tennyson's greatest lyrics. *Frater Ave atque Vale* does not merely evoke the elegiac spirit of Catullus; through the enchanting verbal melody is felt the throb of personal grief, for Tennyson had lately lost his own brother, his favourite. The poem is more moving and more beautiful than most of the lyrics of *In Memoriam*, for Tennyson is content to remember, and to feel, and not to speculate about modern problems or offer solutions. *To Virgil* is, one need not say, the briefest and finest appreciation of Virgil ever written, and it is, indirectly, the best possible testimony to the nature of Tennyson's Virgilian inspiration. He also is a landscape-lover, a lord of language, he is, at

moments, majestic in his sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind, and for him hope gleams like a golden branch amid the shadows.

Tennyson was not like Homer, we may guess, nor like Lucretius, nor quite like Theocritus, but apparently he was very much like Virgil. They both were and remained, even in the sunshine of court favour, shy provincial lads, and they never lost the truest kind of patriotic feeling, attachment to the *dulcia arva*. They both revered an heroic national past and believed in the state, in order, in the old ways of piety, duty, and discipline. Both were uncommonly sensitive to the life and colour of field and sky and sea, and recorded all the phenomena of nature in exquisitely finished pictures; and in both nature and human life they saw the workings of Universal Mind. Both Virgil and Tennyson had absorbed a rich literary culture, and became the most scholarly and ornate stylists of their age. Their best work is essentially elegiac, the product of a temperamental melancholy, a brooding wistful sense of the past, an unappeasable *desiderium* which is deepened by troubled questionings about the present and the future. Tennyson has less than Virgil of universal pity, but he has a not altogether dissimilar note, a cry of genuine fear and bewilderment. Such parallels might be prolonged, and, of course, they need to be qualified, but the point is that Tennyson, though not a world poet, is in so many ways akin to Virgil that one cannot, in his best writing, mark where Virgilian inspiration leaves off and Tennyson begins.

Tears, Idle Tears may be called a series of inspired variations on Virgil's most familiar and most untranslatable line, but it comes from the centre of Tennyson's own soul. Here he touches with untrammelled fingers one of the universal chords of poetry, and perhaps the deepest

note in his own poetic register, the passion of the past. Feelings that were strongest in his youth are remembered and expressed with the finality of a mature artist in one of those precious moments when he has forgotten science and God and edification. It is at such moments that he writes as Virgil would have written.

THE CANADIAN RAILWAY PROBLEM

JOHN L. McDOUGALL

I.

THIS article will attempt to show what the railway problem of the country now is and to indicate some of the more important things that may be done about it. It will argue that the extreme seriousness of the financial situation is not in its essence a railway problem at all: it is merely another index of the gravity of the current depression and can be reduced to manageable proportions only by a restoration of traffic and revenues. The problem is a financial problem, not a problem of practical operation. It is certainly bad enough as it is; but if the railways were unable to move readily the traffic offered them, then the money losses to, and the partial disorganization of, the commercial community would make our present difficulties look very puny indeed.

The experience of this country is not unique. It is of the nature of railway operations, wherever carried on, that expenses cannot be reduced as rapidly as revenues fall. Conversely, a very large part of any increase in revenues can be converted into net profit. Part of the costs are constant and therefore appear as increasing unit costs in declining traffic and as decreasing unit costs when traffic increases. The point can, perhaps, be brought home most clearly by the following simple comparative table showing in condensed form the earnings of all railways in Canada in 1928 and 1933:

TABLE I.—Income Account—Steam Railways of Canada.[1]

	1928 $ (000 omitted)	1933 $ (000 omitted)
Gross earnings, including outside operating revenues	582,363	281,075
Railway operating expenses, including outside operating expenses	457,654	242,520
	124,709	38,555
Other deductions, net	2,946	18,205
Balance available for the payment of interest and dividends, and for reserves	121,763	20,350

In other words, while gross earnings fell by some 52 per cent., the balance available for security holders almost vanished even though the most drastic economies were made.[2]

Table I raises two questions: What was the experience in past depressions? By how much did revenues fall in such periods? A partial answer is given by table II.

TABLE II.—Cyclical Decline and Recovery in Canadian Railway Gross Earnings.[3]

High year to date	Subsequent low	Percentage decline in gross earnings	Year in which previous peak is exceeded	Percentage excess over that previous peak
1875	1877	3.3	1878	5.4
1878	1879	2.9	1880	14.8
1884	1885	3.6	1887	16.2
1893	1895	10.1	1898	14.1
1908	1909	1.3	1910	18.4
1913	1915	22.1	1916	2.0
1920	1922	10.4	1926	0.3
1923	1924	6.8	1926	3.2
1928	1933	52.1	....	....

[1] *Statistics of Steam Railways of Canada, 1933*, Ottawa, Dominion Bureau of Statistics, 1934, pp. 14-5.

[2] Those economies included reductions in maintenance expenditures to levels which are, in all probability, not permanently tenable. See a comparison of certain maintenance expenditures in "The Report of the Duff Commission" to appear shortly in the *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, vol. I, no. 1.

A measurement of this kind is not exact, but it gives some indication of the impact of past depressions on the railway structure, and supports certain broad generalizations. The first is that past business depressions have been relatively short. In every case cited, with two exceptions, bottom has been reached in the first or second year, and the previous peak exceeded in the third. The exceptions are the very deep depression of the 1890's, which reached bottom in 1895 but halted on the recovery in 1896 and 1897, making its decisive upward move in 1898; and the indicated six years, 1920-26, before the previous high was surpassed. This latter is an apparent rather than a real exception. In the readjustments after the 1919-20 boom, both railway rates and wages were cut sharply. Ton mileage, which is the best single indication of physical work done, touched its low in 1921 and was 6.8 per cent. higher in 1923 than in 1920. With three years as the duration of the "normal" depression and five years as the outside figure, what shall be said of the present depression in which it took five years to reach bottom? The year 1934 is, of course, an improvement over 1933, but the most hopeful readings of the results for the first nine months would indicate earnings for the full year 46 per cent. below the 1928 level.

The second generalization is that the "normal" depression was not a deep one. The periods 1913-15 and 1920-22 can hardly come within that category. The one was the joint product of the ending of one of the greatest investment booms the world has ever known and of the onset of the Great War; the other was part of the disorganization caused by the War. But if these two are excluded, then the greatest remaining decline in railway

[3] *Canada Year Book*, 1916-17, p. 434; *ibid.*, 1933, p. 655; *Statistics of Steam Railways of Canada, 1933*, pp. 16-7. The years are to June 30, 1875-1919, and calendar years 1919 to date.

revenues was that of 10.1 per cent. between 1893 and 1895. If that is to be accepted as the most severe "normal" depression, what is to be said of the 1928-33 drop of 52 per cent.? In other words, on both counts of intensity and duration, the present business cycle far outruns anything the railways have previously had to face. It can be said with complete confidence that, even if they had been paragons of conservatism in every department of finance and operation, they would still have been rocked to their foundations by such an extraordinary change in their fortunes as came between 1928 and 1933.

It may be worth while to pursue this point a little further. There seem to be some people who still think that the failure to cover interest charges is due to excessive competition or to a defect in the courage of railway executives; that out of current gross revenues a resolute executive corps ought to be able to meet all costs. Table III is devised for their information.

It may be remarked that in 1898 and 1899 when railways were able to save a larger proportion of their gross earnings than at other time before or since, their operating ratios (the ratio of operating expenses to revenues and therefore an easily computed index of profitability) went down to 65.5 per cent. The less hopeful of the two assumptions made in the above table presupposes for its fulfilment an operating ratio of 50 per cent.; the more hopeful one, an operating ratio of 37.4 per cent.

Even if it were possible to reduce the unit costs of materials used by the railways *pari passu* with reductions in hourly wage-rates (which, as will be shown below, is at least open to doubt), it would require the cutting of money wages to 49.5 per cent. of the 1929 levels[4] in order to meet that operating ratio of 50 per cent., and to 31.8 per cent.

[4]Hourly wage-rates in 1933 were about 15 per cent. below 1929 levels.

to meet the operating ratio of 37.4 per cent. Reductions in that order are possible only if there is a general and severe deflation. It is quite impossible to single out railway workers as a class and force them to accept cuts far deeper than are made into the incomes of other classes of the community. Men may be brought to accept a cut in their money wages after the necessity for a general reduction has been explained to them, but it is a wildly foolish dream to expect them to accept cuts far beyond those yet taken by other recipients of labour income, and particularly when some fixed-income receivers, notably

TABLE III.—Income Account, 1933, Steam Railways of Canada.[5] Showing the actual figures and the reductions in operating expenses which would be necessary in order to earn (*a*) the interest charges of 1933 and (*b*) the dividends of 1930.

	I Actual data for 1933	II Excluding interest due the Dom. Govt. by the C.N.R.	III Including interest due the Dom. Govt. by the C.N.R.
	$ (000 omitted)	$ (000 omitted)	$ (000 omitted)
Gross earnings, including outside operating revenues	281,075	281,075	281,075
Operating expenses, including outside operating expenses	242,520	141,168	105,134
Other deductions, net	18,205	18,205	18,205
Balance available for the payment of interest and dividends, and for reserves	20,350	121,702	157,736
Interest due to individuals	82,811	82,811	82,811
Balance	(*d*)62,461	38,891	74,925
Interest due Dom. Govt. by C.N.R.	36,034		36,034
	(*d*)98,495		38,891
Total dividends paid in 1930		38,891	38,891

[5] *Statistics of Steam Railways of Canada*, 1933, table 8, pp. 106-17.

bondholders, have suffered no reduction whatever. Both of these assumptions are pure pipe-dreams, unworthy of serious consideration. They have been brought up here only because certain newspapers which ought to be better informed are writing as if they represented real possibilities. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Without an increase in gross revenues the most strenuous action by the executives of the railways can do very little indeed. They may very slightly improve a bad situation if they act wisely (they might make it even worse than it now is if they were to arouse too many antagonisms); but cure it they cannot. A complete remedy depends on business revival and expanding traffic and revenues.

If revival in traffic is the only way in which we can make any real impression on the present problem, how is it to be brought about? The answer to that question lies with the industries producing raw materials for export. They are the backbone of the whole Canadian economy. They are the industries which are able to meet international competition. The whole existence of the industries which live behind the tariff is predicated upon the continued strength and growth of these export trades. In the case of the railways, over 70 per cent. of all their traffic is made up of the basic raw products of the field, the fisheries, the forest, and the mines. In the most recent arrangement of Canada's exports in descending order of value, the first eight were raw products whose value was 60.7 per cent. of that of all domestic exports; twenty-one out of the first twenty-five were raw products to a corresponding ratio to the value of all domestic exports of 74.7 per cent. The other four were manufactures, namely, whiskey, automobiles, machinery, and photographic film, to an aggregate value of 4.9 per cent. of all domestic exports. Of all males gainfully employed

at the date of the 1931 census, 39.1 per cent. were directly employed in these extractive industries. The greater part of all the railway mileage of this country was built in order to further the growth of these industries, and much of it would be permanently valueless without their traffic. On a large proportion of such traffic the ton-mile rates are low. That is, however, offset in part by two considerations: first, these goods move long distances in full carload lots, and second, when the industries producing them are prosperous there is a heavy backward movement of finished manufactures which pay high rates. The correlation in the past between the prosperity of the export trades and that of the railways and of the country as a whole is too close to be without causal significance.

It is well known that these trades are now extremely distressed. Their selling prices fell suddenly and drastically after 1929; their costs for materials and labour lagged far behind. What is their position, now in the sixth year of the depression? It is not possible to give one answer to such a broad question about industries with divergent problems, but the behaviour of the wholesale-price indexes is the best single indication of the extent to which the structure of prices has been normalized. Table IV compares the prices of 1929 with those of October, 1934.

It will be observed that the international goods have fallen in price in this period about 3.8 times as far as have the domestic goods. That means that the capacity of their producers to command such domestic goods in exchange is proportionately lessened. It is difficult to perceive how they can afford to purchase larger quantities of such goods unless the spread between the prices at which they sell and the prices at which they buy is very greatly narrowed. Until that happens their capa-

city to demand consumers' goods is rigidly restricted and there is neither financial capacity nor profit-incentive to invest new capital in such industries.

TABLE IV.—Canadian Wholesale-price Indexes.[6]
(1926 = 100)

	Yearly average	October 1934	Per cent. decline
General Wholesale-price Index	95.6	71.4	25.3
Group A—International Trade Goods			
Vegetable products	91.6	66.5	27.4
Animal products	109.0	67.5	38.1
Wood, wood products and paper	93.9	65.2	30.6
Non-ferrous metals and their products	99.2	62.2	37.3
Weighted average	97.0	66.1	31.6
Group B—Products fabricated for the domestic market from raw products			
Fibres, textiles, and textile products	91.3	72.5	20.6
Group C—Domestic goods			
Iron and its products	93.7	86.7	7.5
Non-metallic minerals and their products	92.9	86.2	7.2
Chemicals and allied products	95.4	80.7	15.4
Weighted average	93.6	85.8	8.3

In the field of immediate and practical policy this country is faced with two alternatives. The first is to wait in hope that some of the inflation dynamite which has been scattered around in the United States (and Great Britain) in the past two years will finally go off. If it does, there might be an upward movement in the prices of export goods which would in a short time wipe out most of the disparities noted above in table IV. During the waiting period before that happens (if ever), railway losses would continue, the amount of unemployment

[6] *Prices and Price Indexes*, 1913-32, and supplement for October, 1934, Ottawa, Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The weights used are those officially used in the preparation of the general index.

would be little changed, relief costs would be high; but all of those would be, in the eyes of many, risks worth running if deflation could be staved off. But if such an inflation does not come, then deflation of domestic prices is inevitable. By one means or the other the two sections of the price-level must be brought into such a relationship with one another that a free exchange of consumable goods may again take place and that there may again be reason for the investment of savings in capital goods for productive purposes. To go on, as at present, putting all our savings into government securities which are issued to finance current deficits is stupid and may ultimately be disastrous.

Over the longer period, a reconsideration of tariff policy is long overdue. Some of the very low railway rates on export products, notably the Crow's Nest rates on grain,[7] are admittedly offsets to the burden of the tariff on the areas producing raw products. Since 1930 loans have been made to the provinces which have had the same effect. The time is quite rapidly approaching (if it has not already been reached) when these offsets will equal the benefits to the protected area. When that occurs the whole structure of high tariffs on the one hand and compensating subsidies on the other will be a piece of highly intricate, unstable, dangerous, and utterly meaningless machinery. It will add to the overhead costs of business in this country, distort the structure of production, reduce the productivity of labour and the real income of the community, and will not carry any net benefit whatever to those classes and areas which it was, at first, designed to help. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that the business interests most intimately connected with the

[7]The Maritime Freight Rates Act, 1927, was passed for the same purpose.

extractive industries, *e.g.*, the railways,[8] the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, and the elevator companies are at last realizing that they cannot hold themselves aloof from this problem. It is at last possible to entertain some hope of an eventual return to sanity.

II

It is all very well to say that the problem is a problem of the depression; but the genius of the capitalistic system has been that the pressure of losses has forced the executives of each firm affected to make the necessary readjustments in its costs. When enough of them have done so (and the others have failed) prosperity returns as a natural consequence. Why should that normal course not be followed now? What adjustments are possible? What savings do they promise without waiting for a return of general prosperity? How can they be put into effect?

At the present time the policies which are under discussion are complete amalgamation of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways, or, alternatively, the maintenance of their separate identities with the enforcement of a close co-operation between them. Of the two, amalgamation has been held out as promising the greater saving in money and will be discussed first. The estimates of possible savings by amalgamation ranged between $50,340,000 and $75,000,000[1] based on the gross earnings of 1931 and of 1930 respectively. Those sums amount to 14.1 per cent. and 16.5 per cent. of total

[8]See, for example, the speech of Mr. D. C. Coleman, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the Toronto Railway Club on December 8, 1934 (Toronto *Daily Star*, December 10, 1934, p. 3, col. 1).

[1]Mr. S. W. Fairweather, director of the Bureau of Economics of the Canadian National Railways, using 1931 gross earnings as his base, estimated total possible economies of $50,340,000; this might be increased to $56,440,000 with a 30 per cent. increase in gross (*Proceedings of the Royal Commission on Railways and*

railway earnings of their respective years. They are, therefore, important amounts both absolutely and relatively.[2] Totals of that kind, however, are no better than the items which go into them and the assumptions on which they are based. How carefully were these estimates made, and what do they assume?

Unfortunately, the discussion of the detailed estimates is a technical matter which would require an inordinate amount of space. It is given as a considered judgment that even the most resolute executives, working under the most favourable external conditions, could not realize ultimately more than $40,000,000 on the traffic of a normal year. The postulates on which these estimates are based are of manageable form and can be discussed. Both estimates assumed that it would require five years to work out such a programme, getting increasing benefits in each of the transitional years. So many lines would be abolished, so many terminals re-arranged, that it would be impossible ever again to have two separate systems without prohibitive cost. If an attempt were made to retain the physical properties necessary to two systems, the larger part of the possible economies would automatically evaporate. Amalgamation might or might not prove to be a solution of the problem; but it would have to be made permanent before it could produce anything of value. Mr. Fairweather's primary postulate was that

Transportation in Canada, 1931-2, V, pp. 18-32, December 16, 1931). Mr. E. W. Beatty presented an estimate prepared by a committee of officers of the Canadian Pacific of total savings in railway operating expenses of $64,268,000 and a total net gain of $75,000,000 (*ibid.*, IV, pp. 2401-76, February 19, 1932; see also an earlier submission on the same topic, *ibid.*, II, pp. 902-63, January 5, 1934). This latter estimate was part of a proposal for action and in Mr. Beatty's opinion was fully realizable, possible economies to which a money value had not been given being as great as, or greater than, any doubtful items in the estimate.

[2] But it should be noted that Mr. Fairweather's estimated saving of $50,340,000 amounted to only 3 per cent. of his estimate of the total cost of transport in Canada, by road, rail, and water.

"this programme was predicated upon a docile or practically helpless public and on an equally docile or helpless staff of employees."[3] Mr. Beatty made assumptions which were even more sweeping. He thought that managing the enlarged organization presented no problem.[4] So little did that question worry him that in the detailed estimates of savings there was allowance made for a reduction in the unit costs of superintendence. Further, "an allowance has been made for the benefit to be derived from . . . the purchase of coal in larger quantities from the most favourable sources."[5] He did not think that the management would be less responsive to the needs of the

[3] *Proceedings, op. cit.*, V, p. 31. Unfortunately, some of the economies making up this total seemed to assume the same helplessness on the part of connecting American carriers. That, as was pointed out by Mr. George H. Parker, transportation analyst to the Commission, was an unjustified assumption. (See his covering letter on his first report to the Commission, dated March 30, 1932.)

[4] *Proceedings, op. cit.*, II, pp. 957-8.

[5] *Ibid.*, IV, p. 2419. In 1931, the Canadian National purchased 3,935,000 tons, the Canadian Pacific 2,998,000 tons of coal (George H. Parker, *Report for the Royal Commission on Railways and Transportation on the Transportation Situation in the Dominion of Canada*, June 10, 1932, I, pp. 131-8). It is something more than optimistic to expect reduced unit costs per ton because of consolidating such purchases; and if what is in mind is reduced use of Canadian coal in areas where American coal is definitely cheaper, the whole question of subsidies to the less favoured areas is raised. It was estimated by the Department of Railways and Canals that the Canadian National was put to an additional expense of $1,120,247 by such purchases in Nova Scotia, Alberta, and British Columbia. The following statement by the premier of Nova Scotia, in private session with the Duff Commission, in answer to the question whether the people of Nova Scotia had any definite preference for private or public ownership, is of interest for its possible bearing on this subject: "I don't think there is any fear of monopoly. We have the Board of Railway Commissioners to whom we can always appeal, and we feel that is a very satisfactory thing. Moreover we can always appeal in the final analysis to public opinion. I do not think we have very much fear of monopoly" (*Proceedings, op. cit.*, II, pp. 1060-1, January 11, 1932). The attempt by a railway monopoly, whether public or private, to interfere in a delicate matter of sectional balances in the name of economy and without being able to offer offsets to what is taken away, might have most uncomfortable and unlooked-for results; while the attempt to find offsets would involve it in essentially political negotiations.

community even though it possessed a monopoly.[6] Although 5,000 miles of line were to be abandoned, there was no provision for any compensation to the populations affected, and it was assumed that there would be no need to offer compensation to any of the displaced employees because the normal turnover of labour would reduce staffs at least as rapidly as the economies went into effect.[7] Formally, he seemed to think that there would be much less danger of political pressure upon a railway monopoly if it was in private hands than was now exerted, though there are certain indications that a wise monopoly knew when not to ask too much.[8]

Enough has been said to show the highly doubtful nature of these assumptions. Why, then, did Mr. Beatty press so hard for amalgamation? Why does he still use the estimate of $75,000,000 of possible savings,[9] which was originally made on the basis of 1930 gross earnings, despite

[6] *Ibid.*, II, pp. 941-3.

[7] *Ibid.*, IV, pp. 2422-3.

[8] That amalgamation would not remove the possibility of political pressure is shown by the following extract (*ibid.*, IV, p. 2462; and see also p. 2475 for further evidence of accommodation to such pressures): In the examination of February 19, 1932, Mr. Loree asked why, with 16,000 miles of line with traffic density less than 250,000 ton-miles per mile of line per annum (the estimated minimum paying quantity), it was proposed to abandon only 5,000 miles? Mr. Beatty replied that they studied the situation to see where they could withdraw without harm; their estimate being, in any case, a minimum and not a maximum one. Commissioner Loree: "That indicates that you propose to abandon the line to Prince Rupert?" Mr. Beatty: "No, sir." Commissioner Loree: "Is there any reason why that should be maintained?" Mr. Beatty: "None except political reasons."

[9] "I believe that I am safe in saying that we waste from fifty to seventy-five million dollars a year in the operation of unnecessary railway facilities in this country . . ." (*The Logical View of the Railway Situation*, address before the Board of Trade and service clubs of Vancouver, September 4, 1934, privately printed, p. 7). As is pointed out above, such an estimate postulates a complete freedom from political pressure and from resistance from the organized railway trades. It is also based on gross earnings of 1930. Neither of the first two is a workable assumption. Gross earnings from railway operation were $454,232,000 in 1930; $270,278,000 in 1933; and may slightly exceed $300,000,000 in 1934.

the enormous reductions in expenditure since that date? The answer appears in his cross-examination by the Commission on February 19, 1932. What follows is pieced together from that source.[10]

During the War the government had taken over the lines now forming the Canadian National Railways because it thought such a course necessary in order to preserve the credit of the Dominion. It had proceeded to put them in proper operating condition, to which no great objection could be taken. That process was completed by 1923 and was followed by a programme of unlimited expansion.[11] That expansion had been most detrimental to the Canadian Pacific, which had been forced into competitive capital expenditures in order to maintain its position. The existing depression had put a stop to such expenditures for the time being only. So long as the government remained a shareholder in the Canadian National, so long was the Canadian Pacific exposed to a revival at any time of a ruinous level of capital expenditures by the National system.[12] With that danger continuously hanging over it, the company's interest lay quite as much in getting the government out of the railway business as in making any immediate adjustment which would temporarily ease the financial strain.[13] The Canadian public had never considered the question fully. Questions of national policy had always arisen to obscure the issue; but now the time had come. If only the Commission would "paint the picture accurately even if it be in somewhat sombre colours,"[14] then it was proper to look for such a

[10] *Proceedings, op. cit.*, IV, pp. 2401-76, and particularly pp. 2447*ff*.
[11] *Ibid.*, IV, pp. 2458-9.
[12] *Ibid.*, IV, pp. 2465-6; see also pp. 2447-8.
[13] *Ibid.*, IV, pp. 2463-4.
[14] *Ibid.*, IV, p. 2469.

reaction here as took place in Great Britain when the May Committee's exposure of the budget deficit was followed by the threat to the gold standard.[15] In short, Mr. Beatty's main effort before the Commission was devoted to getting the government out of the railway business, not to the development of plans for economy in current operation. To say this is not to impute blame. That was the logical and necessary position which would have been taken by any head of the Canadian Pacific if he felt there was a chance of getting a permanent and favourable solution.

This also goes a long way toward explaining the radical difference between the opinions of the Canadian National and of the Canadian Pacific executives on the relative merits of co-operation. It was the repeatedly expressed opinion of Mr. Hungerford[16] that just as much could be accomplished by co-operation as would ever be possible by amalgamation. The essence of railway operation was that it was carried on beyond the direct control of the executive officers who had to rely on the loyalty and enthusiasm and honesty of the men themselves. Under amalgamation that quality of enthusiasm would evaporate, and its loss would counterbalance most of the gains made in other directions. Lines could be abandoned by agreement just as well as under a monopoly. Agreement could be reached on the joint use of certain facilities. It

[15]It will, however, be remembered that almost as soon as a national government was formed in Great Britain to protect the gold standard it was forced to abandon it by a combination of international pressure and the impossibility of cutting money costs of production at home as fast as international prices were falling. It may equally be doubted on the basis of table III, above, whether even a national government and a railway monopoly could together have safeguarded all railway-security holders against the sweep of the depression in the past five years.

[16]*Proceedings*, *op. cit.*, II, pp. 774-901, January 5-6, 1932, especially p. 893; and IV, pp. 2501-43, February 20, 1932, especially pp. 2536-7.

was a problem of will, not of fact. Furthermore, this solution left a flexibility which its alternative, amalgamation, did not. For Mr. Beatty that was not so. The gains from co-operation were of necessity small. The most that his committee of officers could find was $6,348,000 per annum:

> . . . Conflict of interest and of governing policy is bound to exercise a restraining influence. Prestige and goodwill are of the utmost value in the railway business and withdrawal from certain areas by companies professing to give national service might endanger both and do damage to the morale of the whole organization. The operation of a transcontinental system cannot be localized . . . . In short, competition and co-operation are in practice irreconcilable.[17]

The net effect of these conflicting views is a dangerous stalemate. Co-operation has, for reasons not yet fully disclosed, failed to produce more than a small fraction of Mr. Beatty's estimated saving, which, in the light of the preceding paragraph, was probably highly conservative. There is little or no hope of getting amalgamation. The Commission appointed to study the matter turned that solution down flat.[18] Even if the Commission had made such a recommendation, it is doubtful whether it could have been carried in the country at large. The people of the Prairie Provinces have altogether too clear a picture in their minds of what would be the result of confiding their essential interests to one railway system. Their feeling is only partially submerged: it has not been permanently lessened; it is a form of economic claustrophobia and would break out again in some violent form if a monopoly of any kind were established.

[17] *Ibid.*, IV, pp. 2407-8. Mr. Beatty is repeating in substance what he had to say at an earlier hearing (II, pp. 902-4, January 5, 1932).

[18] *Report of the Royal Commission to Inquire into Railways and Transportation in Canada*, Ottawa, King's Printer, 1932, chap. v.

How can this deadlock be resolved? As things now are, it never can. So long as the Canadian National has even a potential call on government funds to finance capital expenditures and unnecessary operating deficits, so long will the Canadian Pacific not dare to enter fully into plans for co-operation with it. The answer lies in two related actions. First, the Canadian National must have its debt-charge written down to a level which it can properly be expected to bear. Present obligations in excess of that level would be frankly and finally transferred to the Dominion Government, where they now rest in any case. The Canadian National management would be required to finance thereafter on its own responsibility and without guarantee. As a means of easing the strain in the weaning period, they might be given, say, $25,000,000 of government guaranteed bonds for use in emergencies, which they could use at their discretion, but with full knowledge that, once used, they would receive no further aid. That is offered as the nearest substitute now possible for the return of the Canadian National to private ownership under acceptable conditions. Its faults are patent, but it at least has the merit of attempting to end the present division of responsibility between the government of the day and the railway officers. The responsibility would be concentrated on the latter and enforced against them. Once that was done, one might properly expect a greater readiness on the part of the Canadian Pacific to enter into a programme of co-operation. This is not offered as a solution of the railway problem. But it is as near an approach as can be made to that solution by changes inside the railway structure. The major problem is to get an enlarged volume of traffic to provide revenues. Even these proposed changes must wait upon that if they are to be implemented.

III

The immediate problem before this country is the normalization of its price structure and the restoration of activity. Until that occurs it must continue to stagger through a morass of unemployment, government deficit, railway losses, and the like. From that cloud of testimony which darkens counsel—complaints of relief costs, of the rising costs to the Ontario Hydro of power contracted for but now unused, the pitiful bleatings of bank presidents on the mounting deficits on railway and other accounts—there rises one meaning only: they all complain of the disparities created when the sheltered sections of the community resist a drop in the rate of their remuneration in keeping with the drop in prices at which the basic products are sold abroad. It might be possible to stabilize either prices or production; but the only possible result of the attempt to fix certain prices while others move is to cause inordinate movements in the volume of production.

The pressing railway problem is a function of the depression, and will, in large measure, be automatically solved as the depression lifts. Amalgamation is not a solution: it is a final act of despair. Even to Mr. Beatty it is not the ideal solution: ". . . I have always hoped that some day we would have two private systems in reasonable competition with each other."[1] If it were to be adopted, the railway security holders (including the government as owner of the Canadian National) could not hope to save the full economies for themselves. The new organization would have to bear the full brunt of political and sectional pressures for lower rates, which can now be diffused between the two railways. Railway

[1] *Proceedings*, *op. cit.*, IV, p. 2470. It will be noted that this statement appears toward the end of his examination.

employees now are among the highest-paid groups of workers in the country. If they were brought into closer unity by a common employment they might well become one of the most powerful political forces in the country. Even if both these considerations be set aside as negligible, there still remain certain very weighty questions. Could the executive officers retain that close and intimate control of the property if it was expanded to 37,000 miles of line? Would they remain as sensitive to the needs of the community as they now are under competition? It is not a question of regulation by a Board of Railway Commissioners with enlarged powers. What is called for is initiative; and that is not provided by regulation. It is a fact of no mean importance that within two or three years after a monopoly was formed there would be no measuring stick by which to judge of its operating efficiency. What would happen to the *esprit de corps* which now animates the employees of both lines? Could it be kept at the same high level under monopoly? The loss of it might mean a very serious increase in costs. The whole question was most carefully canvassed by the Duff Commission. Their time and attention went to it almost to the exclusion of other considerations. They came to the conclusion that it was not a desirable thing because of the problem of management and of "a natural and justifiable hesitation to commit finally future generations, and even the present one, to a policy adopted under the stress of difficult circumstances which may not be best adapted to a new set of conditions difficult to forecast."[2]

The past seventeen years have demonstrated that the Canadian National can be built up to any desired point of size, efficiency, or competitive strength, regardless of

[2] *Report of the Royal Commission on Railways and Transportation in Canada*, 1931-32, para. 199.

the rate-level. The results tend to show up in an accumulating funded debt and in a continuous and an increasing pressure on the Canadian Pacific Railway. They indicate that, if the process is continued long enough, the latter will ultimately prove unequal to the strain. To continue in our present course would be gravely unjust to those who have invested in it; it would also be a piece of criminal folly even from the most narrowly opportunist point of view. This country must remain flexible in its economic organization; it must be a region of low transportation costs. Those are basic pre-requisites to its prosperity. The inevitable end to our present course is a government monopoly. Should the management of such a monopoly run to seed, what would be the effect on the economic organization of the country?

The people of the Prairie Provinces have inherited an antagonism to the Canadian Pacific from the time when they were wholly dependent upon it. Through the 1920's they were ready to encourage any level of capital expenditure by the Canadian National without regard to the effect of such expenditures on the Canadian Pacific. If they are now to show themselves as much interested in their future prosperity and in their freedom from dependence on one railway system as they have been in riding an ancient grudge, they will stand solidly behind the Canadian Pacific and see to it that it is given conditions in which it can maintain its full competitive efficiency.

THE PROFESSOR'S DEADLY VENGEANCE

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

UNDERGRADUATES in our colleges and universities affect in public to make light of professorial opinion. The experiences of a life spent in academic work have left me convinced that they are actually impressed by it much more than they ought to be. Not necessarily for the best either; there are long successions of classes which pass out from different institutions into the world deep-bitten with some professorial prejudice in literature, history, or economics. The professor has a rare chance, and not seldom he sets himself to use it; his students, for the most part, seem to think that when he speaks *ex cathedra*, it is heresy to disbelieve. The amount of actual injustice for which such academic antipathies are responsible defies even imaginative computation, but individual instances are sufficiently disturbing to anyone who has not become imbued with the idea that the professor, like the king, can do no wrong. The field of classical letters supplies at least one such instance in the deadly vengeance taken by the Roman professor of *belles-lettres*, Quintilian, on the philosopher, statesman, and man of the world, Lucius Annaeus Seneca. It is a wonderfully informing example of the capacity for mischief inherent in the *odium academicum*.

The modern undergraduate, even though he may be following a course in classical honours, is not likely to know anything of the real Seneca (for the later books of the *Annals* of Tacitus are more often passed over than read). With Quintilian, on the other hand, he will almost certainly be acquainted, and will likely have

learned to accept, with that pious resignation which classical students have to cultivate, his rather prosy dullness as sound evidence of his rank as a classic. This state of affairs is a direct result of the professor's deadly vengeance; Quintilian actively disliked Seneca, and he had an opportunity to pass on his dislike from the professorial chair, with the result of forcing his *bête noire* off the stage of Roman letters, at least for instructional purposes. Seneca, in his works, had laughed publicly at academic aims and academic ineffectiveness, and had even omitted to remain stylistically a pure Ciceronian in doing so; for him there has been no forgiveness possible among professors devoted to "pure scholarship," either ancient or modern, and Quintilian's vindictiveness against a man who refused to take professors too seriously has been amply sustained by the upholders of academic dignity both then and now.

There was a long period, to be sure, roughly that between the official adoption of Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire and the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the case stood otherwise. In that long stretch of time when Christian theology was dominant or influential in education, literary material was valued largely for its didactic worth, and Seneca was much used in consequence, even when the rabid Ciceronians had done their best after the Classical Renaissance to exile him from college programmes. Their ground for doing so was, it should be noted, merely the matter of style; it had become in the eyes of many, as it still remains in the minds of not a few, the aim of a "sound classical education" to enable students to produce what is called Ciceronian Latin prose, and for this purpose one may admit that the study of Seneca is not an advantage. But it is surely open to dispute

whether the writing of Ciceronian Latin prose is any more an aim to be cultivated to-day than it was in the time of Quintilian. As a matter of fact, the setting up of the Ciceronian ideal in Latin is in its way just as disastrous as that rigid standardization in the teaching of English prose composition which prevails in our colleges and universities. Certainly in the latter case the result is that the colleges are not notably the source of creative work in English, while meticulous Ciceronianism in Latin studies is narrowing in the extreme and may defeat the best values of a classical education.

But it is well-nigh fatal to have laughed at anything so serious as professors, or to have suggested that much of what they spend their time on, both in and out of class, is just *verborum inanium crepitus*; more especially as professors, being created in a kind of apostolical succession and invested with a solemn duty towards the *depositum* of the faith, will always get in the last word when they believe it is impugned, and will get it in with youthful audiences who have so little experience in hero-worship that even professors will serve *ad interim*! In Quintilian's case, the last word on Seneca occupies the concluding sections of his long analysis of the virtues of Greek and Latin authors from the point of view of a student of rhetoric, and is found in the first chapter of the tenth book of the *Institutio Oratoria*. It is a rapid survey with very terse accounts of the qualities of the writers mentioned, but one observes that almost the same space is devoted to Seneca as to Homer or even to Cicero, in itself a certain tribute, though probably not so designed, to the fundamental greatness of Seneca as a writer and to the tremendous vogue enjoyed by him at Rome in the twenty-five years between 40 and 65 A.D. By way of preface to the rendering of the judgment which follows,

it should be said that, apart from certain difficulties of the text, all technical terms of the art of one age present embarrassments to the exact interpretation of it in another. One suspects also that, when Quintilian's criticism blurs a little, it is because he did not care to be too precise; innuendo is more deadly, after all, than the categorical affirmation. For the tedium involved in the presentation of a rather long quotation this much must be said by way of apology, that it is hardly possible to appraise the passage except as a whole or to appreciate otherwise its studied malevolence.[1]

> Of set purpose, I have deferred until now the consideration of Seneca in this review of every style that touches eloquence, because of the opinion falsely circulated about me thanks to which I have been credited with condemning him and also with cherishing a hatred for him. This befell me through my efforts to recall to sterner criteria the oratorical style which had been completely ruined by all the vices; now at that time he was practically the only model in the hands of our young men. I did not attempt to dispose of him entirely, but I would not allow him to be preferred to better models; these Seneca had never ceased to attack, because, recognizing in himself a different talent, he doubted his ability to please in his own style those who like the classic authors.
>
> But they were more fond of him than successful in their imitations of him, and fell as far short of him as he had dropped below the level of the ancients. It might well have been wished that they had attained equality with Seneca or in any event proximity to him. But he found favour through his faults alone, and everybody devoted himself to imitating those he could; then, boasting that they were employing the same style, they damaged Seneca's reputation.
>
> On the other hand his good qualities were numerous and pronounced. He had a ready and most versatile talent, the advantage of profound study, and a wide knowledge of nature;

[1] *Cf.* Butler's translation in the Loeb *Quintilian*, IV, pp. 71-5, for purposes of checking my Englishing of this passage.

in this latter regard, however, he was at times deceived by those to whom he had entrusted some of his researches. He handled also practically every branch of human learning. His speeches, poems, epistles, and dialogues are current among us. In philosophy he was not very critical; he was however a noble castigator of the vices.

There are many brilliant "points" scored in his writings, there is much that merits reading from the moral point of view, but his style is mostly corrupt and exceedingly dangerous for the reason that it abounds in attractive faults. You could wish that he had written with his own talent subject to the good taste of someone else. For if he had rejected some things, if he had not fastened his attention on a mere fraction, if he had not been so fond of everything that was his own, if he had not weakened the force of his matter by striving after epigrammatic brevity, he would be approved by the agreement of scholars rather than by the affection of youths.

However, even as things stand, he merits reading by those who are by now of developed character and who have been firmly grounded in the more classic style, if only for the reason that he affords practice for the exercise of the judgment in both directions. For, as I have said, there is much in him to be approved, much actually to be admired. Only there must be care in choosing; it is a matter for regret that he was not more selective himself. For his character, which attained the aims it set before it, deserved to have set up better aims to pursue.

While Professor Summers has thought that Quintilian's summing-up was "careful and, on the whole, favourable,"[2] the late Sir William Peterson felt otherwise: "It is probable that in spite of the appearance of candour which he assumes in dealing with him, Quintilian approached Seneca with a certain amount of prejudice."[3] Our intention is to show how malicious, in fact, the summing-up is; and that it was so understood in literary

[2] *Select Letters of Seneca*, 1913, p. xcvi.
[3] *Quintilian's Inst. Orat. Lib. Decimus*, 1891, p. xxiv.

and academic circles becomes at least plausible as one reads with some amazement the stupidities of Gellius[4] and the positive indecencies of Fronto[5] in their references to Seneca in the next generation. They were in a better position to appreciate exactly what Quintilian meant than we are, and their attitude must, therefore, be taken into account in trying to read between the lines of Quintilian's judgment. The complete success of the professorial boycott is further demonstrated by the fact that Seneca's prose, with all its rich and striking matter, was practically ignored by the grammarians, blood-kin to the professors of literature.

It is unfortunate for our belief in the value of the criticism that it should have to begin with a denial of anything more than ordinary professorial captiousness; at the very least the manner of Quintilian's expressions on the subject in class must have been so strong as to give rise among his pupils to the idea of a deep personal hostility, and students have uncanny discernment in these matters. It is unfortunate, too, for our sense of his fairness in the judgment, that he designedly leaves it to the last place in his review, where, of course, it would be most conspicuous and most likely to remain fixed in the reader's mind. The arrangement also of the points made—bad, good, bad—does not suggest any warm desire to leave Seneca's better qualities long in view.

The reason for his attack is alleged, however, to have been purely his zeal for defending the good old Ciceronian norm "completely ruined by all the vices." He adds ingenuously enough that "Seneca was at that time practically the only model in the hands of our young men." This makes it tolerably clear that to Quintilian Seneca and all the vices of rhetoric were interchangeable terms.

[4]*Noctes Atticae*, XII, 2. [5]Naber (ed.), pp. 156-7.

And it will be noticed that even thus early in the criticism the question of the suffrages of the young men is brought up; one cannot dismiss the suspicion of jealousy present here, even of the dead. Quintilian was professionally interested in young men because he needed them for his classes; research professors were still in the womb of time. Seneca, on the contrary, disclaimed any special interest in the youth;[6] they flocked around him none the less, they admired him, they sought to imitate him. It had been most unacademic that young men, the proper object of professorial care, should attach themselves to a lay leader; worse yet, Seneca was that kind of rank outsider who kindled young enthusiasms to white heat because he appealed to their innate love of the ideal. Young men appreciate that; they respond to it wrongly perhaps, but when they suggest it in academic circles they are apt to be repressed by a cold reference to "scholarship," which has no meaning whatever, except for perhaps one in a hundred of them. So sometimes they give their loyalties elsewhere, and that is a basis of jealousy in 65 or 1935, in ancient Rome or in any seat of learning in the modern world. And then, too, Seneca was so continuously and so irrepressibly young himself, as his acute student Bourgery has remarked: "Usé par la maladie et par les soucis de son existence agitée, il conserve jusqu'à ses derniers moments l'enthousiasme, l'outrance et presque la gaucherie du jeune homme."[7]

The "better models" whom Seneca, according to Quintilian, never ceased to attack were, of course, the great classic authors, particularly Cicero; but one must note carefully that it is the motive for Seneca's attack, rather than the attack itself, which obtains prominence

[6] *Epistles*, XX, 2.
[7] A. Bourgery, *Sénèque prosateur*, 1922, p. 72.

in Quintilian's criticism. That Seneca was not a Ciceronian is obvious, but his extant references to Cicero are not ungracious, as Rocheblave points out;[8] and D'Alton remarks[9] that the son of Seneca Rhetor would hardly show less than reverence for Cicero. But that he cried down the classic writers because his talent was other than theirs, and because he therefore feared that, unless he abused them, he could not get a hearing for himself from those who liked the classics, is a piece of pure malice; for, after all, when a man has in effect the world at his feet, is he going to worry about a few traditionalists who refuse to include themselves among his admirers?

That Seneca's style was unique is admitted in the statement that his young admirers fell as far short of him as did he of the "ancients;" thus he is left standing solitary, but also great. Not as an ancient, to be sure, but as a modernist. It is the ever old, ever new quarrel, that of creative literature with the literature of erudition. Quintilian says "dropped below the level of the ancients;" Seneca might reasonably reply "moved away from them, but on the same plane." That Seneca found favour through his faults alone, is surely, if true, very unique indeed; and if it imparts to Seneca a Mephistophelian quality, perhaps one might still urge that he must have been

> by merit raised
> To that bad eminence.

And now that we have, no doubt, conceived a very ill opinion of Seneca, it becomes safe for the critic to mention his good qualities, or as many of them as he cares

[8] S. Rocheblave, *De M. F. Quintiliano L. Annaei Senecae Judice*, 1890, p. 43. This doctor's thesis is a very acute and searching examination of Quintilian's judgment on Seneca.

[9] J. F. D'Alton, *Roman Literary Theory and Criticism*, 1931, p. 333.

to catalogue; most moderns who have read Seneca extensively could do better for him, quite honestly and without undue effort. "Ready and most versatile talent" for instance—is that actual praise or simply an admission of the obvious? "Profound study, wide knowledge of nature"—these are curiously perfunctory phrases, and to offset the second of them we are made to feel that errors due to insufficient accuracy in his collaborators are personal liabilities of Seneca himself. "Much that merits reading from the moral point of view but"—ah, those "but's" and "however's" where the left hand reaches hurriedly forward to grasp back again what the right hand had slowly offered—"his style is mostly corrupt and exceedingly dangerous." Why? Because it is attractive. There is your academician with his fixed idea; a would-be man of letters must have style, that is, style of the type approved by the academician. Does not the professor *know*, even if he never *does*? And nothing else will ever save the object of his criticism, neither usefulness nor attractiveness, the latter least of all. In fact, to be attractive otherwise than in the manner prescribed by the schools is a sure mark of degeneracy. "You could wish that he had written with his own talent subject to the good taste of someone else," expresses it exactly; and that someone else would, of course, be some literary orthodoxist bearing the academic broad-arrow conspicuously on his prison garment. Thus and only thus could he hope to secure approval "by the agreement of scholars rather than by the affection of youths."

Still, professors are occasionally in need of a horrible example, and Quintilian has not forgotten these possibilities. "Even as things stand, if we are strong characters, we may profitably examine him, if only for the reason that he affords practice for the judgment in both

directions." This, we fear, is a disingenuous way of saying that Seneca is a splendid example of what to avoid, a judgment which is expressed with more candour and less diplomacy in Gellius and Fronto. Yet "there is much in him to be approved, much actually to be admired." True, but only at your soul's risk, stylistically speaking; would it be wise to take a chance? After all, there are so many safe and sane authors of whom Quintilian thoroughly approves. If you read Seneca, "there must be care in choosing," while in Cicero every path may profitably be followed, every prospect pleases. Eminently safe he is, no doubt; Seneca calls him *gradarius*, "a steady trotter."[10] It is such a pity that Seneca was not more selective himself, for, says Quintilian, bringing his judgment to an end, it must be granted that "his character attained the aims it set before it." Only—and be it remembered that this is the last word, the word that clings in the memory when perhaps all else is forgotten—"it deserved to have set up better aims to pursue." Thus the famous judgment which, its author has previously asserted, was based on literary considerations, goes out in a moral pharisaism. It is exceedingly illuminating, even if somewhat depressing, to remember that the same Quintilian who has delivered this devastating *dernier mot* against the moral character of Seneca, also heaps the most fulsome flatteries upon the unspeakable Domitian, actually going so far on the moral side as to call him *sanctissimus censor*.[11] Nor is it without significance either that, from the literary point of view, he suggests that only excessive devotion to the cares of state prevents Domitian from being the greatest poet in the world.[12] This latter

[10] *Epistles*, XL, 11.
[11] *Inst. Orat.*, X, 1, 91.
[12] *Ibid.*, IV, prooemium, 3.

notable professorial judgment is made, by the way, within a few pages of the criticism on Seneca.

Probably enough has now been said to show how plausible at first reading, how undependable on close examination, how disingenuous in all its assumed frankness, is Quintilian's verdict on Seneca. What are the reasons, one may well ask, which led him to take up a position which constitutes a distinct reproach to his worth as an impartial critic? We have been satisfied so far to speak of the professorial grudge, but even grudges, apart from the famous one against Dr. Fell, have their discoverable causes; these are not lacking here.

(1) The outlook on letters of the two men was, to begin with, opposed *toto polo*; Quintilian is static, Seneca is dynamic. The former's gaze is turned always backward; the latter faces forward, frankly modernist. With all due respect to the past, he salutes the future and true progress.

(2) Quintilian was, strictly speaking, a professor of style. Of course he laid claim to a profound interest in subject-matter too; but under the Empire a complete dry-rot had invaded the field appropriate for genuine eloquence, and as a result it became more and more an affair of words. Philosophy, on the other hand, especially the philosophy applicable to the individual life, was never more needed than in the larger part of the first century as a species of religion to lend humanity fortitude and courage. The philosophy which appealed most to Romans was Neo-Stoicism, and unquestionably Seneca did much to give it vogue. But Stoicism was of all the post-Platonic philosophies the most mortal foe of eloquence in the sense which Quintilian would attach to the word. Cicero tells us[13] that "the Stoic school cultivates no flower

[13] *Paradoxa Stoica*, prooemium, 2.

of oratory and expands no argument; by short questions like pin-pricks it achieves its purposes."

(3) It must be further taken into account that not only was there this fundamental difference in point of view between the two men, but also Seneca was particularly well situated to constitute himself a vigorous propagandist for his position, or, at all events, to appear as such. Born of a family of means sufficient to suggest for him a public career, and endowed by nature with great social gifts, he moved all his life in the very highest circles of Roman society; money and social prestige conspired to focus on this brilliant stylist a dazzling spotlight. To these was added, for a considerable term of years, the first civil office in the state, and thus a style intrinsically remarkable was illuminated by a peculiar grandeur concentrated in a writer who was at the same time millionaire, patrician, and first minister.

(4) Nor can it be overlooked that Seneca was the son of a confirmed and devout admirer of the older rhetoric, and though we have no ground for accepting the professional title of Rhetor which tradition has assigned Seneca the elder, yet the fact that his rhetorical treatises were written for his sons at their special request,[14] indicates that the younger Seneca was in effect the child of a professor himself, or, at all events, of one who had a distinctly professorial outlook. "Even if public service interested him for part of his life, he can confidently be described as a scholar by preference."[15] Scarcely anyone is more humorously sceptical about the essential worth of his father's enthusiasms than the son of a professional scholar, and nobody knows that better than professors themselves. I am afraid that when Seneca laughed at

[14] *Controversiae*, I, praef., 1.

[15] J. Wight Duff, *Literary History of Rome in the Silver Age*, 1917, p. 45.

the hair-splitting refinements of the academicians,[16] there was a certain sincerity about it which Quintilian was all too well situated to comprehend and resent. This perhaps led him into making statements about Seneca so vehement in their character that he had actually to guard himself in his famous *iudicium* against the charge of malice prepense.

This makes the situation clear in a brief way as between the professor and the prime minister who happened also to be a writer of distinction. The great modernist attacked the ancient and vested privileges of the rhetoricians, those *memoriarum veterum exsequentissimi* as we may call them in the phrase of Aulus Gellius, who is himself a pretty example of what a man may be brought to by "pure" letters. This was of itself sufficient to excite strong feeling in one professionally interested, and no doubt in many of his fellows. And since without an effort, as one may say, Seneca's side of the contention spoke for itself through his high position in the world from which he could very comfortably, like his own Stoic sage, look down unstirred upon mortal strife below, all the more was the necessity felt by the other side of fighting with any weapons that came to hand, and Quintilian's caveat at the beginning of his criticism suggests that they may have been miscellaneous in their nature and wielded without scruple.

Harsh as this charge may seem, especially to those who are perhaps better acquainted with some scholarly passages of Quintilian than with the general history of the period, it is not difficult to substantiate. The field has been covered very dispassionately and exhaustively in some regards by Hochart[17] in a brochure which has

[16] *Dial.*, 10, 13, *passim.*
[17] *Études sur la vie de Sénèque*, 1885.

received curiously little attention from students of the principate, considering the importance for history of obtaining a fair estimate of the character and political career of Seneca, and to it must be referred those who care to pursue the subject in detail; I prefer for the present to glance at Seneca's vigorous *apologia pro vita sua* which is contained in the dialogue known as the *De Vita Beata*,[18] burning words demanding the attention of those who so lightly affect to pass Seneca by on the other side with expressions of high disdain for his hypocrisy.

Seneca expressly disclaims sainthood: "I am not a saint, and to feed your malevolence, I add that I never shall be. For me it is enough if daily I may subtract something from my faults. For my moral gout I seek alleviation rather than cure." Then, swinging sharply around on his detractors: "But when I compare my feet with yours, you weaklings, I am veritably a swift runner." And to the ancient reproach still available against all preachers and philosophers his answer is: "It is of virtue I speak, not of myself, and when I attack vices, it is my own I attack first; when I am able, I shall live as I ought. Your venom shall never stop me from continuing to praise, not the life I live, but the life I know should be lived, nor from adoring virtue and following after her afar." No man could write thus if he knew that the material for convicting him of hypocrisy was ready at hand; it is the language of one who falls and stumbles, but always upwards, even if with bleeding feet. At the same time, the blazing language enables us to gauge the character of the campaign carried on against him. It is words like these, bitter and unacademic, of course, but extorted from him by persistent misrepresentation, that allow us a glimpse

[18]The quotations which follow all come from the section between chapters 17 and 23.

of the attempt to discredit the new stylist and the great head of Roman Stoicism, an attempt so successful that there are still professed classical scholars who believe of Seneca everything at which Dio Cassius even hints.

It has been a commonplace to raise the eyebrows when Seneca's wealth is mentioned, in such a way as to imply that we are dealing with tainted money. Seneca was born well-to-do (always in itself a crime in some eyes), seems, like all his family, to have had some flair for business, and never pretends that wealth is a thing of which he regrets the possession. "Make no mistake," he says, "riches are among the things of life which are to be preferred. . . . Just as, though it may be possible to make a certain journey on foot, you will for all that mount a vehicle, even so the poor man, although he can stand being poor, will prefer to be rich." But he also makes this challenge, and we have no reason to suspect either his sincerity in making it or the truth of the claims it implies: "The philosopher will possess ample means, but not wealth wrung from anybody, nor stained with another's blood; rather wealth won without wrong done to any man, without stooping to low sources of gain, wealth as honourable in its expenditure as in its origin, wealth at which no one can groan and sigh except the spiteful."

If in all this Seneca is falsifying, it follows that we cannot put any confidence in his humanitarianism either, but it follows equally well that we cannot credit any man's testimony on his own behalf. In a court with such rules, St. Paul has no more standing than Seneca, but one wonders how many of Seneca's modern detractors would care to accept such a consequence. And if it is urged that we have no independent evidence against St. Paul's moral greatness such as Tacitus is usually, though I think quite

unfairly, supposed to furnish against Seneca, it might be suggested that it would be at least interesting to have an account of him and an estimate of his actions from the dissenters in the church at Corinth, who seem to have been not a few.

I can, however, imagine someone's reminding me at this point that, after having expressed such an opinion on the value of a man's defence of himself, I must logically admit that of Quintilian also when he speaks of "the opinion falsely circulated about me, thanks to which I have been believed to condemn Seneca and also to cherish a hatred for him." It is evident from this statement that Quintilian was commonly regarded as being one of the group of professors who continued even after Seneca's death the business of undermining his great literary influence by attacking his moral reputation. What shall we say of his disclaimer? It would be more convincing if the remarks on Seneca which follow it, already examined in the earlier part of this study, gave a more definite impression of sincerity; they have not so impressed Diderot,[19] Rocheblave, and other French scholars, and the late Sir William Peterson[20] felt bound to say: "In his estimate of Seneca nothing is more remarkable than the careful manner in which Quintilian mingles praise and blame. But the praise is reluctant and half-hearted; it is Seneca's faults that his critic wishes to make prominent. . . . Praise is no sooner given than it is immediately recalled." Scarcely the way to prove that the report of your dislike of an individual is incorrect and damagingly false!

It is further a well-known fact that the Flavian emperors were strongly influenced in their policies by two

[19] *Essai sur les règnes de Claude et de Néron*, ed. Tourneux, III, p. 369.
[20] *Op. cit.*, introd., p. xxvi.

factors, the one a desire to paint the Neronian *régime* in the blackest possible colours for purposes of contrast, the other a resentment as deep-seated as Nero's against the Stoic philosophers, especially such of them as were members of the senate, because of the uncompromising freedom of speech and liberty of prophesying to which they always laid claim, or worse yet, their gloomy silence. That Quintilian was a flatterer of the worst of the Flavians, Domitian, has already been pointed out. If the patent desires of the Flavian princes, the fawning language of Quintilian to the third ruler of that house, his tutorship of Domitian's nephews, and the equivocal wording of his judgment on Seneca, are taken into account jointly, together with numerous slighting references throughout the text of the *Institutio* which can refer to no one except Seneca, we are confirmed in the suspicion that Quintilian's disclaimer puts him in the position of protesting far too much for his own good; we can hardly be blamed for entertaining the belief that he may reasonably be regarded as having cloaked bitter animosity for Seneca, of both a personal and a sectarian variety, under language which, carelessly read, sounds fair and above board, but when scrutinized is found full of venom and ill-will. The fact that even under the Flavians this attitude had to be dissembled does, however, furnish wonderful testimony to the vitality of Seneca's influence and the greatness of his fame.

What does all this signify to-day? one might ask. I have suggested that it is a story which, in one form or another, repeats itself in our own times, and if it is no longer necessary to warn prime ministers because prime ministers no longer write literature either good or bad, still professors should not be above receiving hints that would make them a little more amiable and a little fairer

in their judgments. But apart from that, I am anxious to vindicate for Seneca in the twentieth century something like the place he had in the first. Granted that he has his affectations and his mannerisms; granted that, like Homer, he may nod at times; granted, too, that, like many masters of words, he has moments when words nearly, or even altogether, overmaster him; granted that he dearly loves a smart saying and will go even perversely out of his way at times to achieve it, so that Macaulay could say of him that to read him straightforward is "like living on nothing but anchovy sauce;"[21] granted once again that his style will occasionally so dissolve into unfused sentences that there is justification for thinking that the maniac Caligula was never saner than when he called Seneca's essays "sand without lime:"[22] yet even after all these unfavourable concessions have been made, you still have left for your contemplation one of the greatest masters of the Latin language. He can use it as an instrument to produce not only the solemn old Gregorians of Ciceronian style, if we may so put it, but he can draw from it also all the fire, all the verve, and all the colour of modernist music. He can be as correct as the most classical within the range of their smaller keyboard, but he can also open stops from which there issue forth, tremulous and ineffably sweet, the cadences of a new tongue which is prophetic of the potentialities of Italian and Spanish. And then, too, to read Seneca at all is to come into contact with a very fascinating personality, a man terribly harassed and often overborne by the peculiar temptations of his rank and position, but, none the less, falling to rise, baffled to fight better, very nearly an *anima naturaliter Christiana.* It is the dramatic things

[21] *Life and Letters*, May 25, 1836.
[22] Suetonius, *Caligula*, 53.

clustering around Annaeus Seneca, the grandeur, too, of his exit from life when the time came to die, his tender affection in those last hours for his young wife Paulina, that make one rather resent on behalf of modern students the awful potency of an offended professor's vengeance.

For Quintilian was a dyed-in-the-wool Ciceronian, and when the Ciceronians of the Classical Renaissance began to dominate the field of Latin studies, they found in Quintilian a powerful abettor of their own idolatry. What the effect has been on university programmes of Latin reading I hinted at the beginning of this paper. But here and there an individual who has by chance in post-university days read extensively in Seneca, realizes that he was not altogether fairly treated as an undergraduate by having had his attention forcibly fixed upon Cicero and his man Friday, Quintilian, to the total exclusion of Seneca. He may not go so far as Diderot. "It is not," says he, "on the basis of a few pages of Seneca that one learns to know him, and wins the right to judge him. Read him over and over again, read Tacitus, and throw my defence in the fire, for it is then that you will be genuinely convinced that he was a man of great talent and unusual virtue, and that you will put his detractors in the class of men alike the most cruel and the most unjust."[23] But he is likely enough to think, even after he has discounted Diderot's enthusiasms, that his classical curriculum was guilty of a sort of *suppressio veri* when the silver Latin period was reached.

In all that has been said it must be remembered that I have been dealing only with Quintilian's judgment on Seneca, which I hold to be exceedingly unfair both in its matter and also the manner of its presentation. I have tried to make it clear why Seneca roused the ire of Quin-

[23] *Op. cit.*, p. 373.

tilian, but I do not excuse Quintilian for allowing this ire to prejudice his opinion. Apart from this, Quintilian must be regarded as a literary critic of weight and subtlety, and as an educator whose views are broad and yet sound. But it is not necessary, nor is it even just in the elementary sense of the term, to run down Seneca in order to enjoy Quintilian, nor to leave Seneca, with his noble outlook on life and conduct, off our college programmes in order to watch Cicero throwing dust in the eyes of the jury in an attempt to save from his just deserts a precious scoundrel like Milo.

REVIEWS

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND WORLD PEACE*

BROOKE CLAXTON

THE British Commonwealth Relations Conference held in Hart House, University of Toronto, was intended to survey the machinery of co-operation between the Commonwealth nations, weigh the adequacy of that machinery, and consider suggestions for its improvement. The Imperial Conference of 1926 had declared in the Balfour formula that the Dominions were "autonomous communities" but "the principles of equality and similarity, appropriate to status, do not universally extend to function." Presumably, those who conceived the Conference felt that new machinery had to be provided if autonomous communities were to have a common policy or co-operate for the greatest good. It was an effort to keep the Commonwealth united, if not one. The *Proceedings* of the Conference have been most capably edited by one of its members, Professor Toynbee. His introduction, giving a fair but all-too-short appreciation of the issues before the Conference and the results of its deliberations, is a valuable feature of the book.

The Conference was attended by forty-seven delegates from the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and Canada. Many of those present—Viscount Cecil, Sir Herbert Samuel, the Hon. N. W. Rowell (chairman of the Conference), Sir Robert Borden, the Hon. Vincent Massey, and J. S. Woodsworth, Esq., M.P., to mention but six out of many names familiar to Canadians—had given distinguished service in public life. A "Who's Who" of the delegates and the exceedingly able secretariat is printed as an appendix to the *Proceedings*. The fact that the Conference was unofficial permitted the representation of divergent views in each delegation, so that Sir Robert Borden could write in the foreword to the *Proceedings*: "On occasion I found myself in profound disagreement with views put forward by members of my

**British Commonwealth Relations: Proceedings of the First Unofficial Conference at Toronto, 11-21 September, 1933*, edited by Arnold J. Toynbee, with a foreword by the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert L. Borden, Oxford University Press.

Consultation and Co-operation in the British Commonwealth: A Handbook on the Methods and Practice of Communication and Consultation between the Members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, compiled by Gerald E. H. Palmer, with an introduction by Professor A. Berriedale Keith, Oxford University Press.

own delegation." Even so, several substantial bodies of opinion were not represented. Political exigencies prevented the attendance of any delegate from the Irish Free State. Of the six delegates from Australia, not one spoke with the voice of Labour; nor would any one of the four Indian delegates accept the title of Nationalist; and no one from Canada expressed the isolationist point of view. Apart from the opening and closing formal sessions and the reports adopted, the deliberations of the Conference were confidential, and talk was frank.

During the year before the Conference, selected groups and individuals in the different parts of the Commonwealth contributed some sixty reports and memoranda as data papers for the Conference. Relevant extracts from these are skilfully collected in the second part of the book and provide an interesting and useful symposium of Commonwealth opinion on regionalism, friendly relations with the United States and Japan, the question of a Commonwealth bloc, the collective system and points of view on practical machinery, co-operation in the conduct of foreign affairs, *etc.* There are notes on Privy Council appeals from the Irish Free State and Australia, with several suggestions for a Commonwealth tribunal.

The third part is devoted to the work of the Conference. The speeches of national representatives at the opening meeting, and of Mr. Rowell and Lord Cecil at a banquet, are printed *verbatim.* It also has the reports adopted by the Conference on the work of the four commissions into which the Conference was divided. These were: Commission I, The Principles of Co-operation in Foreign Policy, with Subcommission A on War and Neutrality, and Subcommission B on the Collective System; Commission II, Machinery Required for Co-operation in Foreign Policy; Commission III, Commonwealth Courts and Uniformity of Legislation; and Commission IV, Co-operation for Purposes other than Foreign Policy.

The Conference met to discuss the machinery of co-operation and many interesting and useful suggestions as to this will be found in the reports of Commissions II, III, and IV. The preliminary papers, however, showed such a divergence of opinion as to the very nature of the Commonwealth as would make it impossible to discuss the machinery of co-operation without some agreement on the purpose of co-operation. Accordingly, almost on the eve of the Conference, it was decided to begin with a general discussion of regional interests, which at the very outset brought sharply into conflict divergent views of the Commonwealth and showed how slight was the concrete common ground. It was only later and with a sigh of

relief that all present found that they could agree on a desire for peace. Professor Toynbee puts this well:

> The main theme, throughout, was a grand debate between the two rival political philosophies of Parochialism and Oecumenicalism; and the clear conclusion of the dialogue was that—in a "post-war" world which was threatening to become a "pre-war" world once again—Parochialism was not enough. While there was a marked divergence of view on the question whether the parochial unit was to be the individual member of the Commonwealth or the Commonwealth as a whole, there was an equally striking consensus in the view that the welfare of the members of the Commonwealth severally and collectively was bound up with the maintenance of an effective collective system of international relations. The fact that the First Commission of the Conference, whose terms of reference were "The Principles of Co-operation in Foreign Policy," should have appointed a sub-commission to consider what the members of the Commonwealth could do, for their part, to support the Collective System and to strengthen it, was a possibly unexpected but manifestly significant outcome of a Conference which had been convened to deal with Commonwealth affairs.

As a description of the Conference, its issues, its discussions, and its main conclusion, this is far more faithful and more complete than the report which the Conference itself adopted. Yet it is hardly enough to enable the reader who was not there to appreciate the lines of difference on points so fundamental as our view of the Commonwealth and the means to secure peace. Since all Canadian policy must be based on a view of these things, it seems advisable to touch on them at greater length.

At one extreme is the imperialist who regards himself primarily as British rather than Canadian. His loyalty is to Great Britain He acknowledges the protection of the British flag and the British navy, which he thinks of as his navy, and he is willing to contribute to its cost. He believes that if one part of the Empire (a word he prefers to "Commonwealth") is involved in conflict, all others are involved too, and that all British peoples should rush to each other's aid without stopping to inquire what the trouble is about. "All for each and each for all" is the motto, for he regards talk about Dominion status as academic froth-blowing. The Commonwealth, like the Empire, is for him a legal and political entity which had, and should still have, one policy, supported by an integrated naval, military, and air force, adequate to the great part that Britain plays in maintaining peace and freedom. Lastly, Britain should seek alliances, if these are necessary, because the collective system neither works nor will work. As might be expected, there were imperialists, even of this extreme type, in every delegation at Toronto.

At the opposite extreme is the isolationist who regards the Commonwealth countries as "autonomous communities." Like the majority of other North Americans the Canadian isolationist would not undertake to fight in Europe again, even to keep the peace there. For he, too, does not take the League of Nations seriously, believing that any French or English diplomat could shape the appearance of events so as to make any war it was desired to fight, look like an act of aggression against his country. If a return to power-politics and to international anarchy results in another disastrous European war, it will hardly make a bad business better to enlarge the scene of desolation. And if Vickers's natural desire to make profits out of Simon's stupidity, *etc.*, leads to war, that is an affair of England, not Canada. He acknowledges no debt to Great Britain for protection, for if Canada is defended by anyone or anything, it is defended by the accident of geography which includes association on this continent with the United States. If trouble occurs in the Pacific, he is quite willing to run the risks of having to do without Britain's support, but believes that Britain's self-interest, not her affection for Canada, would probably involve her in a Pacific conflict should the United States be involved, and that the United States will certainly be involved if Canada is. Naturally, his disinclination to be entangled in Europe prevents his desiring to co-operate more closely with Great Britain. He believes that the appeal to "stand together" really means "follow me" in a policy which must be dictated by British self-interest, over which we can have no control and with which we may not agree. Yet the isolationist does not want to join the United States, and he may be sentimentally attached to Great Britain with its history, its literature, and its traditions of law and freedom.

In addition to these imperialists and isolationists is a third group consisting of those who have come to realize, for the most part quite recently, that another war would not only imperil civilization but endanger the Commonwealth and Confederation. For this group does not believe that Great Britain can be neutral in a European war, and it doubts whether even North America could stay neutral if Britain were involved; but if North America did stay neutral, Canada, it seems, might be forced into a closer association with the United States than many Canadians desire. Again, this group has small hope of a return of Canadian prosperity until trade opens up as a result of an increased feeling of security in Europe. Moreover, no adult mind seriously contends that armaments and alliances will do anything but make more inevitable an ultimate

European disaster. Canadian policy, like British policy, must be based on self-interest, and self-interest can be served in any ultimate way only by endeavouring to strengthen the collective system, which is the one means to lasting peace. This and the cultivation of friendly relations with the United States (which really goes with it) must be the purpose, perhaps the sole purpose, of Commonwealth co-operation in foreign policy. Those who share these views recognize Canada's obligation in an effectual collective system to fight in a war against an aggressor, but they believe that the strengthening of the collective system, and the disarmament which that would permit, would render negligible the risks of ever having to fight again. On the other hand, the further weakening of the collective system would drive most of those who now take this point of view, into the isolationist group. Certainly, further armaments, alliances, and regional pacts will have this effect.

A considerable number of people who held some such views as those just described—who, in short, thought that the very best way of preserving the Commonwealth was to strengthen the collective system—were present in the Canadian and other delegations. When such views were expressed by Canadians, they were called "Little Canadians" by sections of the press; but the view adopted by the Conference and described in the passage quoted above largely coincided with their own. For the realization was forced upon the Conference that not only was the pursuit of peace almost the only common policy on which all present could agree; it might be the only condition in which the Commonwealth could survive.

In the swing into line on the peace platform the Conference was so glad to find this common ground that questions like that of neutrality in the event of war were settled by stating that in the collective system they could not arise. Unfortunately, since the Conference the collective system has suffered a series of setbacks. The resignation and re-arming of Germany, the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference, armament-building unprecedented in the history of the world, make the basis of unanimity at the Conference —support of the collective system—an uncertain foundation for co-operation and a tenuous link of Empire. But any further weakening will force the peoples of the Commonwealth and the world further apart. For it will throw into prominence the regional interests and individual characteristics and fears. The imperialist will be inclined to say: "I am jolly glad, too. No more of this nonsense about the League of Nations. Now we can build a British navy and air force that will keep the peace." So will his corres-

ponding type in every other country. The isolationist will agree that he, too, was the only man right, and the die of a divided policy will be cast between an increasingly larger number of British subjects.

It may be, however, that the advent of Russia to the League and the undoubted growth of genuine, informed international sentiment in all parts of the world, with the realization that further insecurity will postpone further recovery, may lead to the renewal of confidence in the collective system and give the time-lag necessary to establish the will and machinery for international co-operation. In any event, it gives the Commonwealth countries as their common cause the greatest cause of all time, and so long as that is still to be worked for, the Commonwealth will have full scope for useful co-operation in the positive organization of peace.

Of this co-operation Professor Toynbee said: "While the atmosphere of the Conference room instantaneously chilled at the suggestion that there should be any kind of unitary conduct of Commonwealth foreign policy . . . ," the Conference "invariably welcomed suggestions for more effective common action, whether through the Commonwealth or through the League, when these took the form of proposals for free co-operation between autonomous and equal partners . . . ."

* * *

The other volume under review is correctly described by its title. It was prepared by Mr. Palmer as one of the data papers for the Conference, and later revised. It has an introduction by Professor A. Berriedale Keith on the constitutional development of the British Empire in regard to the Dominions and India from 1887 to 1933. Then follows information, not hitherto available, on many agencies of co-operation—governors-general, Imperial Conferences, departments, officials. A second part is devoted to a summary of the practice and procedure for preparation at international conferences and for the negotiation and ratification of treaties, with a useful short statement of the practice followed regarding each treaty from the Peace Conference on. Various inter-imperial agencies are then described. A fourth part summarizes past proposals for the creation or modification of the machinery of co-operation. There are also appendices on the appointment of governors-general and the status of high commissioners, with a list of treaties involving military commitments, a bibliography, and an index. Where possible, the actual text of documents and speeches is given, but a large part of the information was necessarily put in tabular form. This

is not the place to review the book critically in detail. It should prove invaluable for all those in any way interested in the conduct of international and Commonwealth relations, but, unlike Professor Toynbee's book, it is primarily a reference work and of little interest to the general reader.

SHAKESPEARE TO-DAY*

R. S. Knox

No one will deny the value, in the far-flung thriving business of Shakespeare study, of something in the nature of a periodic general stock-taking. Only by knowing where we stand can we decide how profitably to advance. Moreover, if the period surveyed be broad enough, another purpose is served. We have vividly brought home to us the variability of what is deemed profitable, and this not merely by the nature of the new work undertaken but also by the changed valuation set on work already done. It is now fully ten years since such a survey was made by Professor Herford in his *Sketch of Recent Shakespearean Investigation*. There the achievement of the preceding thirty years was reviewed and we were made interestingly aware of the growing conflict between the older idealist critics and the young aggressive realists. Since then the pace has quickened. Another stock-taking is obviously warranted, and seems to be promised in their preface by the editors of *A Companion to Shakespeare Studies*. They were, we are told, in search of a programme for the Shakespeare Association, and this set them looking for new avenues of scholarship to explore. "That led to a consideration of recent work, its sufficiency or its prospects, and that to the assembling of the present material."

The result scarcely corresponds to the promise of the preface. In only a few of the fifteen essays which make up the volume is the treatment such as to permit the work's being gauged in "its sufficiency or its prospects." Mr. Isaacs naturally had to write to plan in his chapters summarizing criticism from the time of Coleridge, and the whole course of Shakespearean scholarship. He even offers the programme sought, and to carry it out calls for the organization of co-operative methods among the Shakespeare Associations and

**A Companion to Shakespeare Studies*, edited by H. Granville-Barker and G. B. Harrison, Cambridge University Press.

Art and Artifice in Shakespeare: A Study in Dramatic Contrast and Illusion, by E. E. Stoll, Cambridge University Press.

the universities, for this is demanded by the new objectivity of research. As he sees it, there is still a gigantic task ahead before we can hope for a satisfying and scholarly account of "The Mind and Art of Shakespeare." Nor is the task merely of new exploration, for the whole mass of nineteenth-century scholarship, he believes, has once more to be thrown into the melting-pot. But he is optimist enough to envisage a time when, through the labours of this precise research, we shall say "Behold!" Mr. T. S. Eliot, who writes a companion essay on the earlier criticism, is sensibly more cautious. He admits such progress as results from improved texts and the increased knowledge of Shakespeare and his environment, but he holds it imprudent to pretend "that we are approximating towards a final goal of understanding after which there will be nothing new to be said." Indeed Mr. Eliot is not interested in any possible finality, but in "the whole pattern formed by Shakespeare criticism from his own time to ours." The best of one age is not better than that of another; it is merely different. "Shakespeare criticism will always change as the world changes."

Other contributions which, in subject and treatment, are fully pertinent to the editors' quest, are Mr. Pollard's brimming chapter on "Shakespeare's Text" and the essay by Mr. Rylands on "Shakespeare the Poet." Apart from Coleridge's subtle remarks, and Bradley's and Raleigh's, all given by the way, the poetry of the plays has been strangely neglected. Only very recently has any careful study been made of Shakespeare's poetic processes on the level of the language; and that a new light can thereby be thrown on the peculiar working of his creative mind and even on the nature of poetry itself, is amply proved by the examination of the imagery made by Miss Holmes, the relation of the images to play-theme discussed by Miss Spurgeon (at any rate, in her earlier pamphlets), and by the analyses of the style made by Mr. Middleton Murry, Mr. Wilson Knight in his essay on "The Othello Music," and by Mr. Rylands himself. In this direction we have certainly advanced; and by his section here, in which he briefly traces the growing organic nature of the images throughout the plays, Mr. Rylands has admirably suggested how the study might be carried further. The chapters on "The Theatre and Companies" by Mr. Sisson, on "Shakespeare and the Drama of his Time" by Mr. Dobrée, on "Shakespeare's Sources" by Mr. Attwater—to name only a few others—are adequate summaries for the student but little more. It is just a trifle absurd to suggest that they have any special value for an Association seeking new avenues of scholarship to explore.

If, however, we regard the volume, not as the ordered investigation which it pretends to be, but rather as it is—a collection of essays on certain aspects of Shakespeare, with slight bibliographies attached—its frequent excellence must readily be granted. But the chapter on "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art," which no one but Mr. Granville-Barker could have written, stands in interest by itself. Here are scholarship and illuminating criticism in one. He argues, more convincingly than ever, his favourite thesis, that "all Shakespeare's craft and very much of his art is rooted in the needs and peculiar opportunities of his theatre." He follows the poet-dramatist's progress—for it is by the poetry that the final miracle is wrought—in rendering his medium more and more flexible for his highest purpose, the revelation of the inner consciousness of man and his spiritual struggle against an uncomprehending world. He shows what Shakespeare's art gains by the freedom which his stage permitted with respect to time and place. If we are absorbed "in the characters themselves, and in what they are, as much as in what they do, we shall ask no inconvenient questions. It is always our sense of the matter which counts." And he points to the double quality of all the great figures, "the person that everyone around may see and the creature of the power of the poetry."

The essays in this volume show, what is otherwise plain, that the approach to Shakespeare in favour to-day is an approximation to a contemporary approach. The aim, not only of the scholars but of those who are more strictly literary and dramatic critics, is to reveal the Elizabethan Shakespeare, to understand his art as it is conditioned by his special play-form. The swing away from the older subjective interpretations which Professor Herford noted ten years ago is more than ever marked. The extent of the change could not be more revealingly measured than by contrasting Herford's coolish comments on the earlier work of Professor Stoll with the reception almost generally given his latest book, *Art and Artifice in Shakespeare*. And indeed no single critic has been more forward in bringing the change than Professor Stoll. From his first monographs on *Othello* and *Hamlet* he preached that criticism must go hopelessly astray if the critic "explore his own opinions and sensibilities" without reference to the intentions and technique of the dramatist. There and in his later *Shakespeare Studies* he waged a violent campaign against those who, he held, confusing art with life and mistaking the very nature of the drama, laboured to prove the plays authentic psychological documents and the characters copies of reality. In *Poets and Playwrights* his criticism became more

positive. He expounded further his own mode of regarding the drama, and brilliantly analysed (interestingly enough, with a fair debt to Morgann) the methods by which Shakespeare achieved in his persons, despite their lack of a fine mental coherence, the unique impression of vitality. In *Art and Artifice* he gives a synthesis of his views.

His main concern is again with the great tragedies, to examine their dramatic and poetic structure. With Aristotle, he insists that situation is the core of tragedy; and the situation deemed best "is that in which the contrast or conflict is sharpest and most striking, the probability or psychological reasonableness of it being a secondary consideration." He centres on *Othello* as showing these requirements most perfectly. What Shakespeare is seeking here, as in all his tragedies, is the high dramatic effect, and his matter is artfully manipulated to secure this. He works on the contrast between the character of the Moor as we first see him, noble and loving, and his conduct when tortured by a sudden full-grown jealousy. Shakespeare has not attempted to explain the change psychologically; it cannot be so explained, Professor Stoll maintains. We accept, or at least the Elizabethans did, the convention that the calumniator is believed by the hero; and this we do all the more readily and see the conduct as an unquestionable reality, because Shakespeare has held us by his vivid presentment of Othello's personality. What is shown is not true to life but an illusion arousing in the audience the greater emotional response; it is true to the nature of the theatre. And the dramatic illusion is maintained by the further artifices in the play, each part supporting the other—the fiction of Iago's impenetrable mask, of Desdemona's and Emilia's lack of perception. We are right when we praise Shakespeare's penetrating insight into man's nature, his unequalled power of giving his figures the semblance of life; we are wrong if we mistake his art for one of psychological realism. It is by the sacrifice of such realism that the higher imaginative harmony within the play is obtained. We respond to the tragedy as to a great piece of music. "The potent harmony, not only, as here, in the structure, but also in the words, which are as notes to be sung (together, of course, with the 'human interest and semblance of truth') stills our scruples and misgivings, and 'procures for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief, for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.' We believe, not as convinced, but as enchanted and enthralled."

Professor Stoll's chief contentions—his reminder to us that in

a Shakespeare tragedy we have life shaped by a poet's art into an emotional rather than a rigidly logical pattern, that to understand his art we have to take cognizance of the practices of his theatre—are obviously right. He has said convincingly, if sometimes tortuously, much that needed saying. But we cannot think that it is the last word. In his zeal to dispel the older false notion of a drama primarily psychological, he has tended to shut his eyes to what real psychology there is. Shakespeare's interest in human nature surely extended, rather more than Professor Stoll allows, to the why and wherefore of the conduct he presented. That too, in its degree, is brought within the compass of his art. For a higher dramatic need he may sacrifice the reality, but is it on principle avoided? It may, for example, be argued whether Othello, conditioned as he was, would in life have listened to the honest Iago—and there are perhaps stranger things in our nature than some of us dream of; but certainly Shakespeare has not relied merely on the convention or on the force of the emotion to make the conduct seem credible. He is at full stretch in the "temptation scene," revealing the subtle play of mind on mind; there is here no shirking of the problem of the change. His art is not romantically relaxed as it is with Claudio in *Much Ado* or Posthumus in *Cymbeline*. It is, however, in his examination of *Hamlet* that the full validity of Professor Stoll's thesis seems most doubtful. Hamlet is for him, as, we are assured, he was for the Elizabethans, the strenuous avenger. Only the evidence which points to this strenuousness is allowed to have character bearing. We fall into the fallacy of the Romantics if we see any character implication in the self-questioning and self-reproaches of the soliloquies. "They motive the delay, not in the sense of grounding it in character, but of explaining it and bridging it over." That Shakespeare is presenting not a psychological problem but an emotional situation most of us would admit. But why should we baulk at believing that he was also suggesting the disillusioning effect on the man of the situation? That is not hidden; it is on the face of the play even from the outset before Hamlet knows of the task imposed on him by the ghost. The two interests are surely not incompatible even for an Elizabethan.

We may still be too timidly romantic to go all the way with Professor Stoll, but there is no doubt that he has set us in the right direction. Being an American, he was not consulted by the editors of the English volume in their search for new avenues of criticism to explore. They will go far before they find any more profitable than the one which Professor Stoll has opened.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ROUSSEAU*

G. S. Brett

The second half of the eighteenth century seems to have possessed a demonic power which was capable in its own day of tremendous activity and still has unexhausted reserves. The peace of the Augustan Age and the precision of the classical traditions appear in retrospect most like the sultry hours and filtered sunlight which foretell a storm. The year 1776 seems to mark a notable crisis in the politics and culture of Europe, as though the last memories of the Middle Ages had died out and the old traditions had finally relaxed their grip. In America new forms of political life were emerging; in France the seeds of revolution were maturing. The disintegrating force of ideas radiated from the works of Voltaire and Hume, destroying the vitality of sanctified beliefs in religion and in politics, while the constructive work of the economists built new foundations for the industrial systems which were destined to supersede the old forms of society. If the crisis of the Revolution was still hardly foreseen, the preliminary stages of doubt and inquiry were in full action and needed only adequate expression to make their results inevitable.

The perplexing contradictions of Rousseau's life and writings are made to some extent intelligible by this mental environment, though to the last they will remain largely unintelligible. In spite of being neither practical in action nor consistent in thought, Rousseau still persists as the most audible and significant voice of his age, still arresting our attention and compelling us to take sides in the ceaseless strife of human ideals. The outward and visible proof of this fact is the amount of literature which has collected around Rousseau. Most recently the focus of interest has been in the supposed influence of Rousseau on the standards of writers more concerned with self-expression than self-criticism; with the rather gratuitous suggestion that this was the essential message of Rousseau's work. In the less recent period preceding the crusade of Irving Babbitt, interest was evenly divided between the ideals of education and the theory of political obligation as the chief contributions of Rousseau to modern thought. Whether the writers were inclined to praise or to blame, disproportionate emphasis was usually

*_Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Moralist_, by Charles William Hendel Macdonald, Professor of Moral Philosophy, McGill University, 2 vols., Oxford University Press.

laid on the biographical details which Rousseau had supplied. Though the *Confessions* are important as a contribution to our understanding of Rousseau and as a type of that personal psychology which was the core of the novel, the diary and democratic individualism, they have cast their shadow too far and too often over achievements which deserved to be examined in a clearer and purer light.

The scope of Professor Hendel's work is from the beginning sharply defined: he deals with Rousseau the moralist. With the deceptive skill of the magician he brings on the scene the mature figure of Rousseau transformed by his own experience: "Late in the manhood of Rousseau the moralist was born." In this first sentence the hero of the story glides forward upon the stage and henceforth continues to glide with the same fascinating evenness of motion from one position to another. The drama is long and intricate but the inner connection of the parts never fails, and if the reader, through weakness of the flesh, attempts to skip from one part to another, he will find his effort baffled by the close texture of the narrative. This characteristic of the two volumes deserves emphasis. It is not merely an artifice and praiseworthy as a successful technique; it is far more the natural effect of a complete assimilation of the material. The author moves with his subject and gathers impetus as he goes. As a consequence he has presented convincingly the movement of Rousseau from one stage of thought to another. As Rousseau himself gathered up in his later work the thoughts and spiritual experiences which had clarified themselves in previous efforts, so also the author by careful elaboration of each contributory work is able to exhibit the crowning achievement as the quintessence of the intellectual struggles and the emotional crises which made up the life of Rousseau.

The limitations which Professor Hendel assigned to his subject relieve him from the obligation of recording all the biographical details. But to present Rousseau as if he lived exclusively in the rarefied atmosphere of ideas would be indefensible. The middle course, chosen by the author, is the most satisfactory. The story begins about 1738, when Rousseau was twenty-six, with the young man's craving for knowledge and the healthy influence of Father Lamy. In 1740, Rousseau was at work on a *Project for Education*, which was like many of his other works in being the first form of a later and more adequate treatment. The intention to "school himself with Socrates and the divine Plato" was faithfully maintained: if any one factor counted for more than others in the development

of Rousseau, that one must be called Platonism. The rival of Platonism was Geneva. Together they made Rousseau what he was and what he most liked to be called, a citizen. But Platonism and Geneva had to be fused into one object of thought and emotion before they could finally bring peace to the wanderer. This is perhaps the secret of the success and the failure which seemed to be shared equally by each new venture. Geneva was never adequate to the ideal for which it stood; Plato's "republic" could never be made to fit the inexorable conditions of the reality which thrust itself upon Rousseau. To live as a hermit is eminently satisfactory if the senses are not acute and the heart is not warm. But Rousseau was never truly a hermit; he was only a citizen trying to escape from the tumult of life and yet listening intently to catch the sound of lost voices and dreaming the pleasures that were no longer real. It is a distinct achievement on the part of Professor Hendel to have shown with so much delicacy and skill how the emotional life of Rousseau was transmuted into his literary presentations of character, for with Rousseau as with Plato education was the making of persons, and what appears in Rousseau as a theory of self-development is actually the projection on the ideal plane of those situations and crises which had been in themselves so imperfect, but in dream-like reflection could be corrected and adjusted to the pattern laid up in the heavens.

As Professor Hendel remarks, Rousseau always seemed to need some distinct impulse to precipitate his thoughts. The story of the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon in 1749 is well known; it drew from Rousseau the discourse which won the prize and later the *Discourse on Inequality*, and was in this way responsible for the whole development of Rousseau's political theories. Rousseau was peculiarly tenacious and, after long excursions in the fields of education and religion, he returned to politics. We must pass over his work for the *Encyclopédie*, all the complications of his friendship with Diderot, and the cross-currents of thought about man and society (rather quaintly called economics) which threatened at times to submerge him. The original theme was recaptured in the *Institutions Politiques* and finally developed into *The Social Contract, or Principles of political Right*. Though there can be no exact comparison of value between the works of Rousseau on account of their great diversity, it is fair to say that history has accepted this as the symbol of Rousseau's genius. Professor Hendel's method throughout is to give an adequate summary of each work as it arrives in its order. The result is necessarily at times a little heavy and the

young man in a hurry will find it meticulous; but it has the merit of putting the material before the reader and this is a very considerable merit when, as stated above, the work of Rousseau is seen to be cumulative. The climax reached in *The Social Contract* is not merely maturity of thought but an actual summing up of previous efforts and as such it must be considered in relation to its predecessors. The significance of this is well indicated in Professor Hendel's comments and need not be illustrated here. In his "Conclusion" (vol. II, p. 320), the author links together in a condensed statement the whole series of the works, and the reader can turn to this for general guidance.

It is natural to ask, after reading six hundred and fifty pages, what is the ultimate value of Rousseau's work. The only serious complaint which could be made by a reader of these volumes is that he is left to form his own opinion. This is good pedagogy, doubtless, and true to the spirit of Rousseau! But it is natural to want some clue to the judgments of the author, seeing that he is so obviously well-informed. More than anything else, one would like to know whether *The Social Contract* can be called a success, and on what grounds the answer can be given. As Professor Hendel noted, Rousseau had a gift for proposing large questions. Did he really find the answers or only pour out his thoughts as he struggled with his problems? His attitude in *The Social Contract* is clearly a fusion of the elements which had already served their turn in the fields of education and religion. Is it unjustified to see in this forerunner of the idealistic doctrine of Green and Bosanquet the influence of a theology which is called upon to guarantee the rights which are never secured by law or custom? That laws are not always just, that the moral consciousness advances from one social condition to another and denounces what it formerly approved, these and similar propositions may be granted. But did Rousseau achieve anything by his distinctions between the general will, the will of all, the sovereign who is always sovereign *de jure*, and the prince who is generally sovereign *de facto*? Perhaps he did, for he may have realized that there goes on a subtle change in the man who lives daily among others: he ceases to be the kind of individual which he would be in solitude; his world is not a world of "sensations" but of objects into which the spirit of his community has entered; these objects are different with the difference that distinguishes a cathedral from a rock-dwelling. And if this is the solution, Rousseau was really elaborating a fresh interpretation of "the citizen," which has been too long mistaken for a rather futile contribution to the

narrower subject of political science. Possibly Rousseau made that mistake himself! Yet his remark that "only wild beasts reign in the deserts" (quoted in vol. II, p. 210) may be less foolish than Professor Hendel's comments would suggest. The phrase here quoted must be an error on someone's part: it should read "wild beasts reign only in deserts," and the change is not insignificant. The fact that Rousseau bases his argument on the greater ease of communication and therefore of conspiracy in densely populated areas, supports the argument that Rousseau is thinking in terms which belong more to social psychology than to the traditional science of politics. Professor Hendel would not disagree with this, for he makes his Rousseau essentially a "moralist," and the moralist of the eighteenth century was distinguished chiefly by his interest in mind and heart. The illumination which came to Rousseau was the clear idea that every man who looks into his own bosom (apparently a favourite occupation in that age) will find there depths of loyalty and goodwill, just as we realize in the hour of our loss the unmeasured value of things we neglected. In the light of this idea Rousseau saw alike the meagreness of Hobbes and the smart ineptitude of the salons and the cynics. He had a mission and he went forth to preach his gospel. He was like many others in discovering that people can acknowledge a truth without assimilating it. That the price of liberty is ceaseless vigilance, that the safety of the state is in the hands of every citizen, that it is not enough to vote for a representative and then let him go his own way, that every right implies a duty—all these are acknowledged truths. It is good that we should have a Rousseau to say all this again, and be reminded frequently that it was said. The common opinion that democracy is not a success may partly account for the rapid appearance of several recent works on Rousseau; it is a great tribute to his genius that men continually turn back to look again at that picture of the citizen as he might have been and to wonder what flaw in human nature prevents mankind from attaining the ideal. Time may solve the problem, but meanwhile we must be content to exercise the historic imagination and see Rousseau as he was with all his virtues and limitations. Professor Hendel's treatment of the material is well adapted to enable us to achieve an understanding of Rousseau as he really lived and wrote; it is a work that reflects great credit on the author as critical historian and sympathetic interpreter; it must be counted among the books which are indispensable for the serious student of Rousseau and his times.

LLOYD GEORGE *versus* THE GENERALS*

H. H. Wrong

In two stout volumes Mr. Lloyd George gives his version of the events of the grim year which followed his appointment as prime minister in December, 1916. It was the year of Chemin-des-Dames, Passchendaele, and Caporetto, of the greatest danger from the submarine, of the collapse of Russia from Czardom through social democracy to chaos and Bolshevism; the year when Russian and Roumanian withdrawal from the War made available on the Western Front larger numbers of German troops than ever before, so that, between the unbroken German Army and the blockading German submarine, the defeat of the Allies seemed far from impossible before effective assistance could come from the United States; the year when there was little to cheer the heart of the Allies except the local successes on the Western Front at Vimy and Messines, the premature ringing of London bells over Cambrai, the defeat of the Turks in Mesopotamia and Palestine, and the hope of substantial aid from the United States in 1918.

From Mr. Lloyd George even a drab and tepid chronicle of this eventful year would have a lasting interest, and he is incapable of drabness. In his preface to the third volume—obviously inserted as a reply to criticisms of volumes I and II—he explains his purpose in writing with a frankness which verges at times on brutality about his contemporaries and colleagues in the war leadership of Great Britain. We live once more, he says, in an atmosphere of war, and "it is essential that nations should know, before they declare war, to what they are committing themselves." We must understand how in the Great War "reckless and unintelligent handling brought us almost to the rim of catastrophe, and how we were saved largely by the incredible folly of our foes." If the record of "our blood-stained stagger to victory" involves sharp criticism of men whose memories are honoured, truth requires that dangerous illusions be shattered; otherwise, "if there be a next time we may not then escape disaster as we did in the last calamity—by a shuddering breath."

This is sound enough; and it is unfair to attack Mr. Lloyd George for replying to men now dead who did not spare him in their published versions of these great events. Mr. Lloyd George, how-

**War Memoirs of David Lloyd George*, vols. III and IV, Ivor Nicholson and Watson (Ryerson Press).

ever, has his defects as a controversialist. He seems incapable of following the sound rule of persuasion that if you must say an unpleasant thing you should say it in the pleasantest way consistent with accuracy. He often appears to prefer the pleasure of making his victim writhe to the task of seeking to convince him and those of his party that they were in the wrong. On the hustings during an election this attitude may be effective enough in winning votes, but it is out of place in the historian. For example, Lord Jellicoe and his colleagues at the Admiralty are justly criticized for their reluctance to adopt the convoy system against the submarines; but is constructive criticism helped by allusions to "the fear-dimmed eyes of our Mall Admirals" surrounded by an "atmosphere of crouching nervousness"? Literally hundreds of similar instances could be selected from the pages of these volumes. Mr. Lloyd George's preference for the sneer has detracted from the fulfilment of his declared purpose. He would throw more light on the defects and mistakes of British policy if he adopted a method which generated less heat.

As a contribution to history these volumes have many defects, but it is certain that they will be read and argued over as long as men set pen to paper about the Great War. Though inferior in literary quality to Mr. Winston Churchill's brilliant narrative, their historical importance is far greater, for Mr. Lloyd George continuously carried great responsibilities throughout the War and was a participant in every British decision of moment. In this instalment of his memoirs he is making, even more directly than in the preceding volumes, a plea for that verdict of history which is never finally rendered and always sought. We still argue over the strategy of Alexander and Hannibal, over the war governments of Pericles and Caesar; the controversy between the "Western-fronters" and their critics will assuredly last as long. What is irrelevant to one generation of writers has a way of becoming the central thesis of another generation; but successive juries of historians, in reaching their tentative verdicts, will find before them in these memoirs valuable evidence on almost every aspect of the Great War, no matter what their scale of values or their angle of approach.

The dramatic unity of these volumes lies in the tragic story of the Battle of Passchendaele, its preparation and achievement. It is a tragedy in which Mr. Lloyd George figures as the hero striving unsuccessfully to avert the fate of the British armies which struggled and died in the Flemish mud. It is not a tragedy in the Greek vein;

there is no implacable destiny, above human control, driving men forward to disaster. The causes of failure are personified only too clearly, and responsibility is driven down with hammer-blows on Sir Douglas Haig, Sir William Robertson, and a small group of their subordinates.

The story of Passchendaele is a leading episode in Mr. Lloyd George's main theme, of which we shall doubtless hear more in his final volumes—that the professional leadership of the British forces in particular, and of the Allied forces in general, was responsible, by its lack of imagination, obstinacy, and wooden-headedness, for immensely prolonging the War and for piling up unnecessary casualties by the million. His initial volumes gave his story of the triumph of the amateur over the Services in the contests which were necessary to ensure an adequate supply of munitions. Here we have the same struggle in the larger field of the fundamental strategy of the War. Mr. Lloyd George was all for action on other fronts in 1917—an attempt to knock Turkey out of the War by vigorous pursuit of Maude's and Allenby's successes in Mesopotamia and Palestine, and an offensive against Austria on the Italian front. Both plans were feasible, and both had a good chance of success. Instead we had the Nivelle offensive at the Chemin-des-Dames, followed by mutinies in sixteen French army corps, and Passchendaele. Mr. Lloyd George, incidentally, maintains that Chemin-des-Dames, in spite of the almost universal condemnation of Nivelle's strategy, in fact accomplished more than the great British attack, which was hailed at the time as a succession of victories. There are too many Canadian graves at Vimy and Passchendaele for Canadians to feel indifferent in this argument.

The stock defence of the attack in Flanders is that it was undertaken at the earnest solicitation of the French in order to give them time to restore the morale of their shaken troops, and that a great German offensive on the weakened French front was thereby averted. It is certainly true that Haig came to believe in these arguments. Space is lacking to outline Mr. Lloyd George's detailed and angry refutation. At the centre of his thesis is the assertion that the French High Command (Pétain and Foch after Nivelle's replacement) opposed the British offensive. This assertion has been challenged in a lengthy correspondence in *The Times* following the publication of the fourth volume, in which Mr. Lloyd George has not come off second best. Perhaps the grimmest passages are those in which he charges Haig, Robertson, and Wilson with *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* in advocating Passchen-

daele before the War Cabinet; he presents here a detailed bill of particulars, which, if it be accurate, would seem to show how close honest men may come to treason in seeking to serve their country.

Many will warm to Mr. Lloyd George's denunciation of that complacent professionalism which smugly believed that a monopoly of military wisdom was held by the Regular Army. In fact, the training and experience of the British Army had little bearing on warfare of the character which prevailed on the Western Front; regular and volunteer alike were learning a new profession in the trenches. This futile tradition was soon discarded, to great advantage, in the military forces of the Dominions. It retained its supremacy in the British Army. To the end of the War it was difficult for a volunteer to rise above the rank of major, except in new services such as the Air Force or the Tank Corps. It was almost unknown for an "outsider" to receive an appointment of any importance on the general staff.

There are many matters of interest in these volumes besides the attack on the strategy and competence of the British military leaders. In the light of current discussions of "planned economy," the story of the rapid transformation of the *laissez-faire* structure of British business under the stress of war has a special interest. There are vivid and illuminating chapters on the submarine menace, in which the admirals fare no better than the generals do elsewhere. Three or four chapters tell the story of the feelers for peace which went out in December, 1916, and in the early months of 1917. In particular the Austrian move, initiated by the Emperor Karl through his brother-in-law, Prince Sixte of Bourbon, is vividly told with new material. Mr. Lloyd George makes an almost irresistible defence of the refusal of the Allies to entertain the suggestions for peace which emanated from Germany in December, 1916, and in September, 1917.

On the present scale, two more volumes will be needed to bring the story down to the Armistice. Mr. Lloyd George at one point complains of President Wilson's habit of "putting sulphur in his ink." It is to be hoped that he himself will exercise greater restraint in this respect. He is a brilliant advocate, and he is arguing a case which is of grave importance, not only in the interests of historical justice, but also in order that wisdom for the future may be distilled from the errors of the past. Anger obscures truth. Professor Temperley closed the correspondence in *The Times*, to which reference has been made, with a timely appeal for the employment of the recognized standards of historical criticism.